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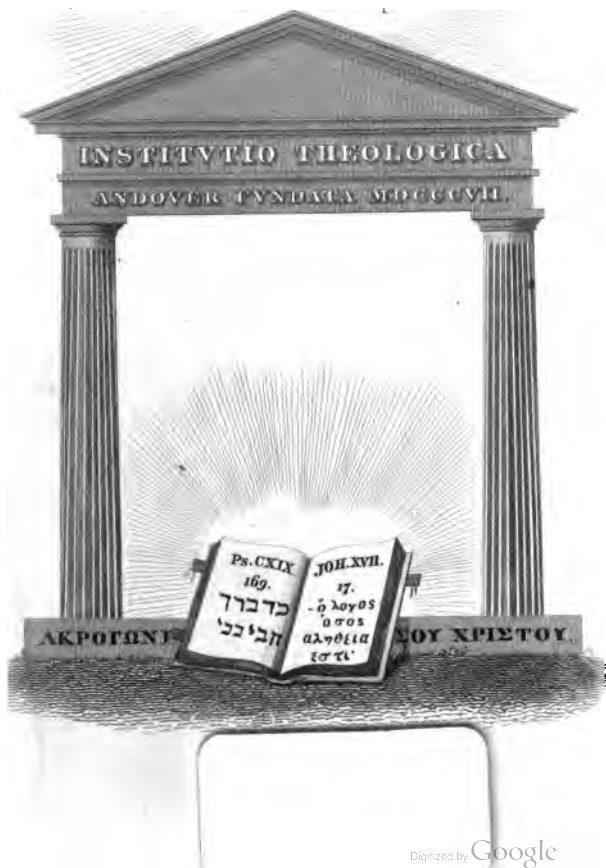
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Mary Annina Souders.
The gift of a very dear
& highly valued Friend,
June 26. 1838

THE
HYMNS
OF
THE PRIMITIVE CHURCH:

NOW FIRST COLLECTED, TRANSLATED,
AND ARRANGED,

BY

THE REV. J. CHANDLER,
*FELLOW OF CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD,
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LONDON:
JOHN W. PARKER, WEST STRAND.

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22, 881

P R E F A C E.

ON putting forth these Hymns to the world, I find a few words are necessary to explain the nature of the compilation, and the views I had in forming it. Some time ago, feeling the want of a collection of Christian Hymns, as an accompaniment to (not a substitute for) the Psalms of David in the Service of the Church, I looked around to those already published, to select one from among them, thinking that of course there could not possibly be any occasion to add another to the already too numerous list of Hymn-compilers. But in the first place, there was the difficulty of fixing a choice amidst the immense multitude of rival collections, each claiming the preference, there being almost as many different hymn-books as there are churches wherein a reformation of Psalmody has been effected. And then there was the recollection that, from first to last, they are all of them unauthorized; neither are they sanctioned by proper Episcopal authority, nor is their introduction into our churches legalized by statute or order in council, so that a collection allowed by one diocesan might be forbidden by another; and if a clergyman attempted to introduce

any one of them into his church, contrary to the prejudices of his choir, not only would the law not support him, but would positively decide against him. Moreover, thirdly, the actual contents of these hymn-books are anything but satisfactory ; not that they do not all of them contain a certain number of, in themselves, very beautiful hymns, but even of these many are quite unfit for public use ; many are from sources, to which our Primitive Apostolic church would not choose to be indebted ; many have been subjected to such rude alterations, that their original authors would hardly know them again ; while they are generally mixed up with a great deal that is objectionable in taste, doctrine, and expression : they speak no certain language, they contain no defined system of religious feeling ;—in a word, they are not, for purposes of praise, what our Liturgy is for purposes of devotion. The fact is, there is not, what there surely ought to be, in our establishment—a standard book of Christian Hymns, set forth by the spiritual authorities of our Church, and recognised by the temporal government of the State ; and it certainly seems incongruous, that whereas the doctrines of our Church are fixed by her articles, and our devotional spirit regulated by our Liturgy, and possessing, as we do, in our homilies, an outline for our preaching, we

should be left entirely to our own private judgment and discretion to provide that whereon so much depends, in the way of rousing the religious feelings, and fixing the religious impressions of our congregations, and any mismanagement in which must be productive of such evil consequences. Moreover, not only does mischief arise from the want of a fixed standard of hymns, but uniformity also, in this part of our service, is thereby put entirely out of the question.

It surely adds to the effect produced by our Liturgy on the hearts of those who use it, to be able to think that so many thousands of congregations are simultaneously lifting up their united voices to God in the same form of supplication, the same language of penitence, the same expression of grateful confidence in God's mercy through Christ. Would not this effect be heightened—would not these holy feelings be improved—would not the communion of worshipping saints on earth be drawn more closely together, and more assimilated to the assembly of adoring saints in heaven, if they could all sing in concert, as well as pray together,—if we could be sure that the self-same hymn of praise also was continually ascending up to heaven at the same time from those same thousand congregations, in anticipation of that glorious unison in

which hereafter we hope to join in singing "the new song about the throne of God?" But the present state of our Psalmody rather destroys than heightens this effect,—rather reminds us of present discords, than prepares us for future unity, rather tends to isolation, division, and weakness, than to unity, compactness, and strength. It may be said, in answer to this, that we have the Psalms of David, translated into English verse by Tate and Brady. But, in the first place, it would not be difficult to show that their version has not a single good point to render it worthy of the monopoly it has so long enjoyed; and, in the second place, even if it were as faithful, simple, and interesting, as it is too confessedly unfaithful, vulgar, and uninteresting, yet of itself the Psalter alone would be as insufficient for the purposes of Christian praise, as the Old Testament would be for Christian instruction without the New. To discard the Psalter, as some have done, is one extreme—to use it exclusively is the other—to alternate the Psalm and the Hymn, the song of Moses and the song of the Lamb, is the medium to which we would wish to attain. So long, then, as so legitimate a want as that of a body of Christian Hymns is not regularly supplied, it is sure to supply itself, as it has in fact done, irregularly and inadequately.

It appears, moreover, that these same opinions very generally prevail—all seem to agree that the present state of things is bad, and loudly calls for some effectual remedy—all seem to allow that the hymn-books which are at present in vogue are only for the present exigency, as just better than nothing, and that of course no one ought to think, and very few people *would* think, of keeping on with them, if a proper hymn-book was put forth by proper authority, by the rulers of the Church. But meanwhile all seem to be aware of the difficulties that lie in the way, and none seem exactly to know how they are to be got over, or what is to be done. It has long struck me, indeed, that as our Liturgy is compiled, in a great measure, from ancient materials, so, if there were any ancient hymns still extant, of the same date and character with the prayers, they would be most suitable for our purpose; for they would, from their antiquity, carry more weight with them than any modern ones could do, and the precedence they claimed would more readily be granted to them; if, then, there could be a foundation laid, and the general mass of the work constructed out of these ancient materials, then the best of the modern ones might be very advantageously brought in to finish it off, and this would be in accordance with what was done in

the case of the Liturgy, where some of the prayers and collects are ancient, and some modern, but the additions, and insertions, and restorations, are so carefully contrived, that the whole is blended together in the most perfect harmony. I was not aware, however, till very lately, of there being any such ancient hymns extant: it certainly seemed most likely that if there had been any genuine primitive ones good for anything, they would have been brought into notice long since, and therefore I concluded that there was nothing in that way superior to those rhyming jingling hymns which are found in the Popish missals, as barbarous in their latinity, as defective in their doctrine. But my attention was a short time ago directed to some translations which have appeared, from time to time, in the "British Magazine," very beautifully executed, of some hymns extracted from the Parisian Breviary, with the originals annexed. Some, indeed, of the Sapphic and Alcaic and other Horatian metres, seem to be of little value, but the rest, of the peculiar hymn metre, *Dimeter Iambics*, appear ancient, simple, striking, and devotional—in a word, in every way likely to answer our purpose. So I got a copy of the Parisian Breviary, and one or two other old books of Latin Hymns, especially one compiled by Georgius Cassander,

printed at Cologne, in the year 1556, and regularly applied myself to the work of selection and translation. The result is the collection I now lay before the public. It will be observed that I have admitted no hymns but what appear to be expressly wanted for the purposes of our Church; my aim in translating them has been to be as simple as possible, thinking it better to be, of the two, rather bald and prosaic than fine and obscure. I have ventured to take the greatest part of the 2nd Hymn from the translation in the "British Magazine," which, notwithstanding the alterations I have made in it, still shines forth as the work of an evidently superior hand: for all the rest I am answerable. With respect to the originals, they bear decided marks of very remote antiquity; some may have been very much altered: some, perhaps, entirely reconstructed, but still as several of them are known to be the work of St. Ambrose and St. Gregory, and other Primitive Fathers, and as all the rest bear internal evidence of being about the same age, they may well deserve the name affixed to them of "The Hymns of the Primitive Church." To them are added all the hymns which, from the beginning of the Reformation to the present day, have been inserted into our prayer-books; these are few, but mostly well

worth preserving. Thus are set forth in one view the Hymns, ancient and modern, which are the peculiar property of the Church of Christ—those which she had before the Papal Apostasy, and those which have been added to her collection since—the Hymns for the Divisions of the Day, the Hymns for the Seasons of the Church, the Hymns for Particular Occasions. Here is a nucleus which, in proper hands, may be added to, and amended in such a way from more modern sources, as to form a Hymn-Book in every respect worthy of our Church. It will not, I trust, be displeasing or unedifying to her members to see a Morning Hymn by a Bishop of Milan* of the fourth century joined to one on the same subject by a Bishop of Salisbury† of the seventeenth. Perhaps, if the authorities of our Church carry on the design, we may see next to them a hymn by a Bishop of Calcutta of the nineteenth. For it should be remembered, that it was a particular wish of Bishop Heber, that there should be a Hymn-book for our Church, and all his Hymns were written with the view of forming one. Most happy, indeed, shall I be, if the present compilation can contribute, in the smallest degree, towards the accomplishment of so desirable a work.

* St. Ambrose.

† Bishop Ken.

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HYMNS

OF

THE PRIMITIVE CHURCH

HYMNS FOR THE DAYS OF THE WEEK.

SUNDAY.

NOCTURN.

(*Die, dierum principe.* No. 1.)

THE first of days the light beheld
Forth bursting from the gloom—
And Christ, our true eternal Light,
Arising from the tomb.

Creation thus, and dreadful death,
Obeyed the voice of Heaven:
Then let not ransomed man despise
The summons God hath given.

While yet in darkness nature lies,
Let us, the sons of light,
With hymns of holy praise dispel
The silence of the night.

Lord, may thy Gospel to our souls
Fresh energy impart,
So shall our new and holy lives
Evince a new-born heart.

With this new life our souls inspire,
Oh God, thou source of love,
And fix thy laws upon our hearts
With teaching from above.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And Holy Ghost, be praise ;
Who maketh glad the soul of man
With his celestial rays.

MATINS.

(Ad templa nos rursus vocat. No. 2.)

Now morning lifts her dewy veil,
With new-born blessings crowned :
Oh! haste we then her light to hail
In courts of holy ground.

But Christ, triumphant o'er the grave,
Shines more divinely bright :
Oh! sing we then His power to save,
And walk we in His light.

When from the swaddling bands of shade
Sprang forth the world so fair,
In robes of brilliancy arrayed,
Oh, what a Power was there !

When He, who gave his guiltless Son
A guilty world to spare,
Restored to life the Holy One,
Oh, what a Love was there !

When forth from its Creator's hand
The earth in beauty stood,
All decked with light at his command,
He saw, and called it good.

But still more lovely in his sight,
The earth still fairer stood,
When the Holy Lamb had washed it white
In his atoning blood.

Still as the morning rays return
To the pious soul 'tis given
In fancy's mirror to discern
The radiant domes of Heaven.

But now that our eternal Sun
Hath shed his beams abroad,
In him we see the Holy One,
And mount at once to God.

Oh, holy blessed Three in One,
May thy pure light be given,
That we the paths of death may shun,
And keep the road to Heaven.

FIRST HOUR OF THE DAY,
or 6 A. M.

(*Jam lucis orto sidere.* No. 3. St. Ambrose.)

ONCE more the sun is beaming bright,
Once more to God we pray,
That His eternal light may guide
And cheer our souls this day.

Oh! may no sin our hands defile,
Or cause our minds to rove:
Upon our lips be simple truth
And in our hearts be love.

Throughout the day, oh! Christ, in Thee
May ready help be found,
To save our souls from Satan's wiles,
Who still keeps hov'ring round.

Subservient to thy daily praise
Our daily toil shall be:
So may our works, in thee begun,
Be further'd, Lord, by thee.

And lest the flesh, profanely proud,
Subdue the yielding soul,
May self-constraining temperance
That carnal pride control.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Holy Ghost,
Eternal glory be from man,
And from the angel host.

THIRD HOUR, or 9 A. M.

(*Oh fons amoris, Spiritus.* No. 4.)

OH Holy Spirit, Lord of grace,
Eternal source of love,
Inflame, we pray, our inmost hearts,
With fire from Heaven above.

As thou dost join with holiest bonds
The Father and the Son,
So fill thy saints with mutual love,
And link their hearts in one.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Holy Ghost,
Eternal glory be from man,
And from the angel-host.

OR THIS.

(*Nunc sancte nobis Spiritus.* No. 5. St. Ambrose.)

BLEST Spirit, one with God above,
Thou source of life and holy love,
Oh, cheer us with thy sacred beams,
Refresh us with thy plenteous streams.

Oh, may our lips confess thy name,
Our holy lives thy power proclaim :
With love divine our hearts inspire,
And fill us with thy holy fire.

Oh Holy Father, Holy Son,
And Holy Spirit, three in one,
Thy grace devoutly we implore ;
Thy name be praised for evermore.

SIXTH HOUR, or 12.

(Jam Solis excelsum Jubar. No. 6.)

AND now the sun's meridian beams
 Their brightest rays unfold,
 And fill the air, on every side,
 With darts of glitt'ring gold.

Oh Christ, thou Sun of righteousness,
 Far brighter beams are thine;
 Oh may our souls their influence feel,
 Those rays of love divine.

To God the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Holy Ghost,
 All glory be from saints on earth,
 And from the angel-host.

OR THIS.

(Rector potens, verax Deus. No. 7.)

OH God of truth, Almighty Lord,
 Thou rulest all things by thy word,
 Thy sunbeams deck the rising morn,
 Thy rays the sultry noon adorn.

Extinguish, Lord, th' unhallow'd fire
 Of sinful strife, of vain desire:
 Oh bid our pains, our sorrows cease,
 And fill our hearts with holy peace.

Oh Holy Father, Holy Son,
 And Holy Spirit, three in one,
 Thy grace devoutly we implore,
 Thy name be praised for evermore.

NINTH HOUR, or 3 IN THE AFTERNOON.

(*Labente jam solis rotâ. No. 8.*)

AND now the sun's declining rays
 Towards the eve descend ;
 E'en so our years are sinking down
 To their appointed end.

Lord, on the cross thine arms were stretched,
 To draw us to the sky :
 Oh grant us then that cross to love,
 And in those arms to die.

To God the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Holy Ghost,
 All glory be from saints on earth,
 And from the angel-host.

OR THIS.

(*Rerum Deus tenax vigor. No. 9. St. Ambrose.*)

ALMIGHTY God, thy throne above
 No time can change, no power can move :
 Thy word the fleeting hours obey,
 They speed the night, they close the day.

Oh cheer the evening of our days
With that bright beam which ne'er decays:
And make a happy death the road
To bring our ransom'd souls to God.

Oh Holy Father, Holy Son,
And Holy Spirit, three in one,
Thy grace devoutly we implore,
Thy name be praised for evermore.

EVENSONG, OR VESPERS.

(*Oh luce qui mortalibus.* No. 10.)

OH Thou, whose throne is hid from men
By more than earthly rays,
Before whose face e'en seraphs shrink,
And tremble as they gaze;

Here we thy people sit forlorn,
In darkness doom'd to dwell,
But soon thy bright eternal day
That darkness shall dispel.

This day thou hast in store for us,
This day so fair and bright;
How faint the mid-day sun compared
With its celestial light.

But ah! too long thou lingerest,
Thou long-expected day:
For why! this body's toilsome load
Must first be cast away.

But when my soul hath ta'en her flight,
From earthly bonds set free,
To see thee, love thee, praise thy name,
Her endless task shall be.

Oh may we so, blest Three in One,
Thy present light improve,
That we hereafter may enjoy
Thy glorious beams above.

OR THIS.

(*Lucis creator optime.* No. 11. St. Gregory.)

SOURCE of light and life divine,
Thou did'st cause the light to shine;
Thou did'st bring thy sunbeams forth
O'er thy new-created earth.

Shade of night, and morning ray,
Took from Thee the name of day;
Now again the shades are nigh,
Listen to our mournful cry.

May we ne'er, by guilt deprest,
Lose the way to endless rest;
May no thoughts impure and vain
Draw our souls to earth again.

Rather lift them to the skies,
Where our much-loved treasure lies;
Help us in our daily strife,
Make us struggle into life.

Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Praise and glory be to Thee
Now and for eternity.

COMPLINE.

FOR THE SEASON OF ADVENT.

(In noctis umbrâ desides. No. 12.)

WHILE we our weary eyelids close,
And stretch our limbs in soft repose,
The waking soul to God may rise,
And lift to him its faithful sighs.

Desire of nations, Lord of grace,
Redeemer of a sinful race,
In pity hearken to the groan
Of those whom sin hath overthrown !

Come, Jesu, come ! our sins forgive,
And let thy ransomed people live !
Oh, if in Adam all must die,
In Thee we claim the victory.

To God the Son, who came from heaven
To save mankind, all praise be given :
And God the Father we adore,
And Holy Ghost, for evermore.

Amen.

FOR CHRISTMAS

(Mundi salus qui nasceris. No. 13.)

OH holy Babe, our prayer receive,
 For thou wast born that we might live ;
 May we, like thee, be meek and mild,
 In spirit like a little child.

When gentle sleep relieves awhile
 Our bodies spent with daily toil,
 May no alarms disturb our rest,
 No prowling wolves thy sheep molest.

The Father's name we loudly raise,
 The Son, the Virgin-born, we praise ;
 The Holy Ghost, we all adore ;
 One God, both now and evermore.

FOR THE SEASON OF THE PRESENTATION OF
 CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE.

(Grates peracto jam die. No. 14.)

AND now the day is past and gone,
 We sing, oh God, thy praise,
 And while the night is hasting on,
 Our humble prayer we raise.

The sin that we have done this day
 Oh, teach us to deplore,
 And drive the tempter far away,
 That we may sin no more.

That cruel lion prowls around,
To kill and to devour,
Beneath thy wings may help be found
To save us from his power.

When shall that day arise, oh God,
Which ne'er shall set in gloom ;
When shall we reach that blest abode,
Where danger cannot come ?

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Holy Ghost,
All glory be from saints on earth,
And from the angel-host.

FOR LENT.

(*Oh Splendor æterni Patris.* No. 15.)

THOU Brightness of thy Father's face,
Thou Sun of heavenly day,
Thou Christ, whose gracious beams remove
The soul's dark shades away.

The sun is sunk ; the shadowy night
Is reigning in his room ;
Continue, Lord, thy saving help,
And keep us through the gloom.

What though our eyes be sunk in sleep,
To thee our hearts ascend :
Do thou, with thine Almighty hand,
Thy loving saints defend.

What though, by earthly woes oppressed,
The body wearied lies,
Yet may our spirit freely wing
Its passage to the skies.

Oh thou, who art our only hope,
Thy help we humbly crave,
Defend thy blood-bought people, Lord,
Whom Jesus died to save.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Holy Ghost,
All glory be from saints on earth,
And from the angel-host.

FOR EASTER.

(*Jesu, redemptor seculi.* No. 16.)

OH Thou, who wast for sinners slain,
And the third day didst rise again,
No more to suffer or to die,
And captive led'st captivity:

While night surrounds us, dark and deep,
And we our eyelids close in sleep,
Do thou thy shield around us throw,
To save us from our crafty foe.

Thy gentle sleep consigns to rest
The weary limbs and care-worn breast;
May we such sweet repose partake,
But keep, oh keep, our souls awake.

With thee to die, oh Christ, is gain :
With thee we wish to rise again :
For thee, things earthly to despise,
And fix our treasure in the skies.

Now to the Father and the Son,
Who victory o'er the grave hath won,
And to the Holy Ghost, be given
All praise on earth, all praise in heaven.
Amen.

MONDAY.

NOCTURN.

(*Dei canamus gloriam.* No. 17.)

COME let us praise the name of God
Who spread the lofty skies ;
And to the firmament above
Uplift our wond'ring eyes.

Slow floating in the blue expanse
The watery clouds we view ;
Whence fruitful showers, at God's command,
The thirsty soil bedew.

How fair a type of God's free grace
Which to our souls is given :
It drops into the inner man
Like gentle dews from heaven

And as the faithful heart receives
The sanctifying shower,
In rapture sweet 'tis raised aloft
By God's Almighty power.

Oh happy saints, on whom are poured
Such blessings from above :
Oh, may they show a thankful heart,
And render love for love.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Holy Ghost,
All glory be from saints on earth,
And from the angel-host.

MATINS.

(*Nil laudibus nostris eges.* No. 18.)

OUR praises, Lord, thou dost not need,
But we thy children are,
And thou art pleased thy grace to yield
To long persisting prayer.

Thy dark decrees are like the night,
When silence reigns around :
Thy love is like the beauteous morn,
With glowing sunbeams crowned.

Thy wonders, Lord, oppress the mind,
And make the tongue to cease,
But love still burns within the heart,
And will not hold its peace.

Oh let it then break forth to thee,
Our Father and our Lord,
Our only consolation now,
Our future great reward.

Yes, thither tend our eager hearts,
Though weak the flesh may be ;
Oh Jesu, be thyself our guide,
And draw our souls to thee.

Amen.

EVENSONG.

(*Jactamur heu quot fluctibus.* No. 19.)

WHEN storms and tempests o'er us roll,
Our hope is in the skies ;
To thee, oh God, our anxious soul
And earnest prayers arise.

Thou, Father, dost thine aid afford,
Before the prayer is made,
In all our weakness, gracious Lord,
Thy strength is full display'd.

The sufferings that our souls oppress,
Thy mightier hand shall cure,
And thine avenging arm redress
The wrongs we now endure.

Oh, then, what full success shall smile
On all our labours past !
Who would not gladly weep awhile
To reap such joys at last !

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One mighty God of Heaven,
All glory by the angel host,
And saints on earth, be given.

TUESDAY.

NOCTURN.

(*Jubes, et in præceptis aquis.* No. 20.)

HE speaks the word ; the floods obey,
And sink into their bed :
Emerging from her liquid veil,
Earth shows her new-born head.

This to His children, for their home,
The Father hath assigned ;
One common earth contains them all,
One common love should bind.

We've no abiding city here,
But there's a home above,
For those who live as sons of God,
In peace and holy love.

But they whose dark deceitful arts
Their fellow-men molest,
They shall not of thy love partake,
Nor come unto thy rest.

But, Lord, our hearts with holy peace,
And love, and concord, join ;
These are the fruits that certify
That we are truly thine.

Eternal glory be ascribed
To God, who reigns above,
By whom is sent into our souls
The grace of holy love.

MATINS.

(*Te principem summo, Deus.* No. 21.)

OH ! 'tis our duty, first of all,
To love the Lord most high :
And next we learn to keep the law
Of holy charity.

O Lord, our fellowship regard,
In thy great name begun ;
In number though we many be,
Yet all our hearts are one.

And faith is ours, and truth sincere,
And peace, and holy joy ;
Oh, then, may no unholy strife,
This sacred love destroy !

But teach us, Lord, more strictly still,
This holy rule to keep :
With saints rejoicing to rejoice ;
With weeping saints to weep.

Triune Jehovah ! to thy name
 Be endless glory given,
 Who fashionest, with holy love,
 The hearts of thine for heaven.

EVENSONG.

(*O quàm juvat fratres, Deus.* No. 22.)

O LORD, how joyful 'tis to see
 The brethren join in love to thee :
 On thee alone their heart relies,
 Their only strength thy grace supplies.

How sweet within thy holy place
 With one accord to sing thy grace,
 Besieging thine attentive ear
 With all the force of fervent prayer.

Oh, may we love the house of God,
 Of peace and joy the blest abode !
 Oh, may no angry strife destroy
 That sacred peace, that holy joy !

The world without may rage, but we
 Will only cling more close to Thee,
 With hearts to Thee more wholly given,
 More weaned from earth, more fixed on Heaven.

Lord, shower upon us from above
 The sacred gift of mutual love :
 Each other's wants may we supply,
 And reign together in the sky.

WEDNESDAY.

NOCTURN.

(*Miramur, O Deus, tuæ.* No. 23.)

THE wonders of th' Almighty hand
Devoutly we admire,
Inscribed upon the vault above
In characters of fire.

The sun is ruler of the day,
The moon controls the night ;
The starry hosts adorn the sky
With varied streams of light.

This ruler of the day must set,
And hide his dazzling rays,
The moon and starry hosts observe
Their own appointed days.

Thus still revolves each orb of light,
Now hidden, now displayed :
Thou, Lord, for ever art the same ;
Thy mercy knows no shade.

Oh ! fear not, doubt not, that our God
Hath all a father's care ;
With joy to heaven your hearts uplift,
For endless joys are there.

All glory to the Three in One,
The God of joy and peace,
Who comforts those who trust to Him,
And bids their sorrows cease.

MATINS.

(*Promittis, et servas datam.* No. 24.)

A FAITHFUL promise thou hast made,
And thou wilt keep the same :
This promise, Lord, at early morn
In earnest prayer we claim.

Man, faithless man, the promise breaks
His guileful lips have made ;
Like broken reeds, which pierce the hand
That trusts their treach'rous aid.

Blessed, then, are they who can repose
Entirely on thy breast ;
No tempest-shock shall e'er prevail
To shake them from their rest.

For thou hast sworn a sacred oath,
On which our hearts rely,
And look beyond these mean abodes,
To dwellings in the sky.

Yes, hope already claims her seat
Beside th' eternal throne,
Tastes all the streams of Paradise,
And counts them for her own.

O ever-blessed Trinity,
Thou source of endless grace,
The hope of glory through thy love
May we with joy embrace !

EVENSONG.

(*Horres superbos, nec tuam.* No. 25.)

O God, the hateful pride of man
Shall not usurp thy praise :
Yet arrogance too oft presumes
Her shameless front to raise.

Too oft, through man's ingratitude,
Thy blessings cease to flow ;
And thus, upon the withered heart,
No fruits of love can grow.

But we, like faithful servants, bent
To know their Master's will,
Will never turn our eyes away
From thy celestial hill.

And, oh ! if thou delay to send
The long-expected aid,
Yet hope remains, an anchor strong,
On which our souls are stayed.

The Father, and the eternal Son,
Our praises shall employ ;
Who sends the Holy Ghost to be
A pledge of future joy.

THURSDAY.

NOCTURN.

(*Iisdem creati fluctibus.* No. 26.)

THE deep a two-fold offspring bore,
Men's bodies to maintain ;
The birds, that skim the liquid air,
The fish, that cleave the main.

But God provides far other food
Th' immortal soul to feed :
It lives by faith, on all the words
That from His mouth proceed.

Faith, resting on the blood of Christ,
Still holds its conquering way,
Till sinners, through the vanquished world,
Its mighty power obey.

By faith the saints of old were taught
The lion's wrath to tame ;
A tyrant's threatenings to despise,
And quench the raging flame.

And, oh ! may we by faith discern
The way that leads to God,
And pluck the holy fruits of love
That meet us on our road.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Holy Ghost,
All glory be from saints on earth,
And from the angel-host.

MATINS.

(*Dignas quis O Deus tibi.* No. 27.)

OH, how can worthy praises, Lord,
To Thee by man be given !
From whom alone true light proceeds,
To show the way to heaven.

The faith we need to serve thee well,
Thou dost thyself supply,
That faith which sanctifies the heart,
And lifts the soul on high.

No pompous rites can e'er atone
For want of grace within :
The secret prayer, the lowly sigh,
Thy favour best can win.

For then the heart and lips can join,
To yield thy meed of praise :
And with a free and cheerful voice,
Salvation's song can raise.

O Thou, who dost the proud abhor,
And humble souls approve,
That we in holy faith may grow,
Our sinful pride remove.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Our praises shall ascend,
For on the blood of Christ, alone,
Our faithful hearts depend.

EVENSONG.

(*O fortis, O clemens Deus.* No, 28.)

OH, God of our salvation, Lord,
Of wond'rous power and love,
May faith, salvation's holy seed,
Be sent us from above!

'Tis faith that gives us strength to fight,
That we our foes may quell;
And with the shield of faith we quench
The fiery darts of hell.

By faith we make our prayers to Thee,
In that most holy Name,
On which, for mercy and for peace,
Hope rests her stedfast claim.

For that Name's sake assist us, Lord,
To run our heavenward race;
And, oh! may no unholy life,
Our holy faith disgrace.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be praise and glory given;
Who pour into the hearts of men
True light and heat from heaven.

FRIDAY.

NOCTURN.

(*Jam sanctius moves opus.* No. 29.)

AND now, O God, thy mind resolves,
A holier work to frame ;
A ruler for thy new-made world,
A herald of thy name.

And man is made : to favoured dust
The breath of life is given ;
The likeness of a holy God,
The lineaments of heaven.

The wide expanse of earth must own
His delegated sway,
To God alone, his rightful Lord,
Due homage he must pay.

Alas for man ! corrupt, depraved,
The yoke he will not wear :
Vile dust presumes with God above
A rival front to rear.

And, oh ! from hence what wretchedness
The world hath overspread ;
If Jesus had not succoured us,
E'en hope itself were dead.

Oh ! praise the Father, and the Son,
Who saved us by his death,
And Holy Ghost, who quickens us
By his celestial breath.

MATINS.

(*Utricibus nos undique.* No. 30.)

WHILE thine avenging arrows, Lord,
Encompass us around,
What hand but that which caused the smart
Can cure the deadly wound?

Depart, vain world, for how can'st thou
Relieve the festering sore?
Thy comfort is but vanity,
And irritates it more.

We tremble, Lord, beneath thy rod,
But we do not despair;
We see the good Physician's hand
In all he bids us bear.

But oh! so fierce the contest burns,
Good Lord, no more delay;
Oh! yield not to their deadly foes
Thy people for a prey.

Our prayer is heard: our foes depart;
And we once more take breath:
Thy death, O Christ, relieves the soul
From all its fears of death.

All praise and glory be ascribed
To God, who reigns above;
Who scourges those whom He receives,
And chastens them in love.

EVENSONG.

(*Lugete, pacis angeli.* No. 31.)

LAMENT, ye saints, behold your God

Your sinful likeness wears ;
Behold, upon the accursed tree,
Your sins the Saviour bears.

Oh, Christ, with wondering minds we see
What mighty love was thine !
Did God consent to suffer thus,
And, oh ! shall man repine ?

No, Saviour, no ! the power of death
Thy cross hath overcome ;
To save us, not from earthly woe,
But from th' eternal doom :

The flesh may shrink, but we submit,
Whate'er our cross may be :
So thou by grace enable us
To bear it after Thee.

Thy stripes have healed us, and thy blood
Our guilty stains effaced ;
Then may thy name by sins of ours
Be never more disgraced.

Praise God, who gave his only Son
To be for sinners slain,
And Holy Spirit, by whose breath
Our souls are raised again.

SATURDAY.

NOCTURN.

(*Tandem peractis, O Deus.* No. 32.)

At length creation's days are past,
The universe is made;
And Thou, O God, thy handywork
With pleasure hast surveyed;
But while thou hallowest the day,
A day of rest to be,
Behold a new creating work,
Still calling, Lord, for Thee.

See! all thy works their homage bring,
The earth, the sea, the sky:
Man, sinful man, alone declines
To join the harmony.

Create, oh! Lord, our hearts anew,
Our hearts of stone remove;
And we shall then the concert join,
With new-born fruits of love.

Oh, only may our lives agree,
With these our notes of praise,
And then what all-prevailing prayers
Our fervent hearts shall raise!

All praise to God, who strong in might
And endless glory reigns,
Who with a word hath made the world,
And with a word maintains.

MATINS.

(*Rerum creator omnium.* No. 33.)

CREATOR of mankind,
Thy promised help we claim,
That so our life Thou may'st not find
Unworthy of our name.

If Thou thy grace deny,
We cannot rightly strive;
In Thee alone to sin we die,
In Thee alone we live.

Our goings, Lord, uphold,
Till this dark vale be passed;
Till in thy fear for ever bold,
We reach thy rest at last.

Oh, happy, peaceful rest,
Prepared for saints above!
Where they with all thy joys are blessed,
And drink thy streams of love.

Oh, Trinity divine,
To Thee our hearts we raise:
May we thy ransomed people join,
And share their songs of praise!

EVENSONG.

(*Supreme motor cardium.* No. 34.)

SUPREME disposer of the heart,
Thou, since the world began,
With heavenly grace hast sanctified
And cheered the heart of man.

Here faith, and hope, and love, unite
To lift the soul above ;
But love alone for aye abides,
Eternal, changeless love !

Oh, holy love ! unfading light !
Oh, shall it ever be,
That after all our sorrows here,
Thy Sabbath we shall see ?

Here, yet awhile, with many a tear
The precious seed we sow :
There treasured lie the promised fruits,
The harvest of our woe.

Triune Jehovah ! God of might !
Thy present gifts increase ;
And crown them, in the world to come,
With endless joy and peace.

MORNING HYMN, by St. Ambrose.

(Splendor paternæ gloriæ. No. 35.)

O JESU, Lord of heavenly grace,
Thou brightness of Thy Father's face,
Thou fountain of eternal light,
Whose beams disperse the shades of night !

Come, holy Sun of heavenly love,
Shower down thy radiance from above ;
And to our inward hearts convey
The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray.

And we the Father's help will claim,
And sing the Father's glorious name ;
His powerful succour we implore,
That we may stand, to fall no more.

May He our actions deign to bless,
And loose the bonds of wickedness ;
From sudden falls our feet defend,
And bring us to a prosperous end.

May faith, deep rooted in the soul,
Subdue our flesh, our minds control :
May guile depart, and discord cease,
And all within be joy and peace.

And Christ shall be our daily food,
Our daily drink his precious blood ;
And thus the Spirit's calm excess
Shall fill our souls with holiness.

Oh, hallowed be the approaching day!
Let meekness be our morning ray :
And faithful love our noon-day light ;
And hope our sunset, calm and bright.
O Christ, with each returning morn,
Thine image to our hearts is borne ;
Oh! may we ever clearly see
Our Saviour and our God in Thee.

MORNING HYMN.

BY BISHOP KEN.

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run :
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Redeem thy mispent moments past,
And live this day as if the last ;
Thy talents to improve take care,
For the great day thyself prepare.

Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear,
For God's all-seeing eye surveys,
Thy secret thoughts, thy works and ways.

Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing,
High glory to the Eternal King.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow :
Praise Him, all creatures here below :
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host :
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

EVENING HYMN.

BY BISHOP KEN.

GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light :
Keep me, oh ! keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thine own Almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done,
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

Oh, let my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close !
Sleep that may me more vigorous make,
To serve my God when I awake.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow :
Praise Him, all creatures here below :
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host :
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

DIVISIONS OF THE DAY.

IN the arrangement of these Hymns for the different periods of daily worship, I have preserved, as far as possible, the original order in which I found them. I will add a few words in explanation of the manner in which each day was parcelled out, in the primitive times, into seasons for devotion. It appears there was a service at the end of every three hours, or eight services in the course of the twenty-four. To wit, first, Nocturn, 12 at night; second, Matins, 3 in the morning; third, Ad Primam, 6 A.M.; fourth, Ad Tertiam, 9 A.M.; fifth, Ad Sextam, 12 in the day; sixth, Ad Nonam, 3 in the afternoon; seventh, Vespers, or Evensong, 6 P.M.; eighth, Completorium, or Conclusion, 9 P.M.

This would give seven out of the eight divisions to the day, and only one to the night, and thus agree with Psalm cxix. 164, "Seven times a day do I praise Thee;" and Psalm cxix. 62, "At midnight will I rise to give thanks unto Thee;" or by counting the "Completorium" and the Matins with the night, it would make three Nocturns, which is the most usual division. These divisions were evidently made originally in a country where the length of days is more uniform than in ours; and,

I may add, at a time when men's minds reverted with more uniform frequency to their religious exercises than appears to be the case at present.

The Nocturn, or night service, was intended, not merely for the secret meditation of the individual Christian, "if in the night he sleepless lay," but for the benefit of all those who might be disposed to meet together, even at that unseasonable hour, for the purpose of worshipping God.

"Matins," and "Lauds," seem to be convertible terms; they began at the cock-crowing, or as I may also call it, the "bird-singing," at that time when, in summer, it is broad daylight, but before the sun has risen, and which is the time of all others when the birds seem most earnestly engaged in their lauds or song of praise to their great Creator.

Ad Primam, or by 6 A.M., the sun is supposed to have risen, and the labours of the day to be regularly commencing; the hymn accordingly contains petitions for assistance, guidance, and protection, through the course of it.

Ad Tertiam, or 9 A. M., is invariably a hymn to the Holy Spirit, as being the hour in which, on the day of Pentecost, He came down on the Apostles. This seems to have been observed from the very earliest times; most likely the "Veni Creator," of St. Ambrose, was merely a new hymn written by him on a subject already familiar to the Church, from the Apostles downwards.

Ad Sextam, was 12 o'clock, or mid-day; allusion

is made to the Sun of Righteousness, to whose beams all true worshippers desire to lay open their hearts.

Ad Nonam was 3 P.M.; allusion is made to its being the time when our Lord expired on the cross. Our word noon is derived from hence; it seems the three hours of which each division of the day consisted, received their name from the service they preceded. Thus the three hours before "Ad Nonam," were called the "Ad Nonam" time, or noon-tide. Thus the beginning of noon-tide was immediately after the "Ad Sextam" was over, or just over 12 o'clock. Hence 12 o'clock came to be called noon, or the beginning of "noon-tide," the Ad Nonam service was not till 3 P. M.

Vespers, or Evensong, was about the going down of the sun, and the close of the day; which circumstances are noted in the hymn.

The Completorium, or Conclusion, as I have called it, for want of a better name, was at 9 P.M., and seems to have been intended for a wind-up, as it were, to the services of the day, and a last committal of self into the hands of God, before retiring to rest for the night.

In the present days, these systematic subdivisions may stand a chance of being objected to, as formal and old-fashioned, or be condemned as tending to cramp the energies of the awakened soul with unwarrantable shackles. When we consider, however, how the naturally wayward heart needs every

appliance and means that can be devised, to keep it to a right frame, there seems to be much wisdom in them. They tend to sanctify the whole day to the service of God, by constantly providing the mind with some holy employment to fall back upon. They are seasons of spiritual refreshment multiplied to the wearied soul ; opportunities for the child of God to be ever drawing near to his heavenly Father : channels, as it were, opened at equal distances, for the streams of divine grace to flow equally over the whole space.

SEASONS OF THE CHURCH.

ADVENT.

NOCTURN.

Instantis adventum Dei. (No. 36.)

THE Advent of our God

Our prayers must now employ,
And we must meet him on his road
With hymns of holy joy.

The everlasting Son

Incarnate soon shall be :
He will a servant's form put on,
To make his people free.

Daughter of Zion, rise

And greet thy lowly King,
And do not wickedly despise
The mercies he will bring.

As Judge, in clouds of light,

He will come down again,
And all his scattered saints unite
With Him in Heaven to reign.

Before that dreadful day
May all our sin be gone ;
May the old man be put away,
And the new man put on !

Praise to the Saviour Son
From all the angel Host :
Like praise be to the Father done,
And to the Holy Ghost.

MATINS.

(*Jordanis oras prævia.* No. 37.)

ON Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry,
Announces that the Lord is nigh :
Come then and hearken, for he brings
Glad tidings from the King of kings.

E'en now the air, the sea, the land
Feel that their Maker is at hand ;
The very elements rejoice,
And welcome Him with cheerful voice.

Then cleansed be every Christian breast,
And furnished for so great a Guest !
Yea ! let us each our hearts prepare
For Christ to come and enter there.

For Thou art our salvation, Lord,
Our refuge and our great reward,
Without thy grace our souls must fade,
And wither like a flower decayed.

Stretch forth thine hand, to heal our sore,
And make us rise, to fall no more ;
Once more upon thy people shine,
And fill the world with love divine.

To Him, who left the throne of Heaven
To save mankind, all praise be given :
Like praise be to the Father done,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One.

OR THIS.

(*Verbum supernum prodiens.* No. 38.)

THY Father's bosom thou didst leave,
Eternal Word of God ;
On earth awhile, to save mankind,
Thou madest thine abode.

Enlighten, then, our breasts, we pray,
Inflame them with thy love :
And fill our renovated hearts
With rapture from above.

That so, when sinners shall be doomed
To endless flames in hell,
And thou shalt summon thine elect,
With Thee on high to dwell,

We may not to that curst abode,
In that fierce storm be driven,
But see the face of God on high,
And share the joys of heaven.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God, whom we adore,
All praise and glory be ascribed,
Both now and evermore.

EVENSONG.

(*Statuto decreto Dei.* No. 39.)

THE rolling years at length fulfil,
The counsels of th' Eternal will ;
More precious for the long delay,
Shines forth from heaven the joyful day.

Since Adam fell, his sinful race
Lay sunk in ruin and disgrace ;
In shade of night forlorn they sate,
And waited for their awful fate.

Alas ! and who can undertake
Amends for man's offence to make ?
Where can a remedy be found
Sufficient for so sore a wound ?

Thou, Jesu Christ, yea, thou alone,
Descending from thy Father's throne,
The heavenly likeness canst restore,
God's image, which at first we bore.

Send him, ye heavens, from above,
That so the earth, with grateful love,
May th' everlasting seed embrace
The Saviour of our long-lost race.

All praise and glory we afford,
To Jesus, the incarnate Word :
And God the Father we adore,
And Holy Ghost, for evermore.

CHRISTMAS.

EVE.

(Missum redemptorum polo. No. 40.)

THE Prince of Peace, to sinners given,
The great Redeemer sent from heaven,
The Virgin-born, let all adore,
And spread his name from shore to shore.

The Word of God, that dwelt on high
With God from all eternity,
Is now confined to life's short span,
Is now a helpless child of man.

Our God is in a manger laid,
Of straw his humble couch is made :
For a whole world's salvation sent,
He needs an infant's nourishment.

And see, those heaven-directing hands
Are now compressed with swaddling bands :
Helpless and desolate he lies,
That we, through Him, to heaven may rise.

He'll come once more to judge the earth,
But now He calls us to His birth :
His love to sinners thus was proved,
Oh, may we love, as we are loved !

The Father's name we loudly raise,
The Son, the Virgin-born, we praise ;
The Holy Ghost we all adore,
One God, both now and evermore.

NOCTURN.

(*Jam desinant suspiria.* No. 41.)

CEASE, weary mortals, cease to sigh,
For God hath heard you from on high,
E'en now he sendeth from above
The Prince of Peace, the Lord of Love.

The silence of the night profound
Is broken by a heavenly sound ;
The angel-host to mortal ear
Announcing that the Lord is near.

So while the shepherds' feet are led
Within the Saviour's lowly shed,
We, too, will contemplate the sight,
The wonder that is brought to light.

Thither in fancy we repair :
We enter in : what see we there ?
A stall, a manger rudely piled,
A mother and an infant child.

Can this be He, the Lord of Grace,
The brightness of his Father's face?
Can this be He, who rules the land,
And holds the ocean in his hand?

It is: faith penetrates the clouds,
The darkness that his glory shrouds:
It is indeed the mighty Lord
By angels worshipped and adored.

E'en here the teacher we discern:
E'en now the lesson we may learn;
With Him, from worldly pride be pure:
Meekly, with Him, thy woes endure.

Oh! holy Babe, thy love inspire,
Repress in us each vain desire:
And thus thy saving grace impart,
To each believer's new-born heart.

Amen.

OR THIS.

WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by
night,
All seated on the ground,
The Angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around:

"Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

“To you in David’s town this day
Is born, of David’s line,
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign :

“The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid.”

Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, and thus
Addressed their joyful song:

“All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace :
Good-will henceforth from Heaven to men
Begin, and never cease.”

MATINS.

(*Adeste fideles.* No. 42.)

OH ! come ye faithful, and your homage bring
To David’s town with glad accord ;
Behold the Son, behold the angels’ King :
Oh, come ye, and sing praises to the Lord !
For he, the God of God, the Light of Light,
The Virgin’s womb hath not abhorred :
And God is now reveal’d to mortal sight !
Oh, come ye, and sing praises to the Lord !

And hark ! the angels through the lofty sky
Their praises to his name afford ;
All glory they ascribe to God on high !
Oh, come ye, and sing praises to the Lord !

Oh, Jesu Virgin-born ! thy name shall be,
On this thy day for aye ador'd !
Incarnate Word of God, we worship Thee !
Oh, come ye, and sing praises to the Lord !

OR THIS.

HIGH let us swell our tuneful notes,
And join the angelic throng :
For angels no such love have known
T' awake a cheerful song.

Good-will to sinful man is shown,
And peace on earth is given :
For, lo ! th' incarnate Saviour comes
With messages from heaven.

Justice and grace, in sweet accord,
His rising beams adorn ;
Let heaven and earth in concert join,
" To us a child is born."

Glory to God, in highest strains,
In highest worlds be paid ;
His glory by our lips proclaimed,
And by our lives displayed.

When shall we reach those blissful realms,
Where Christ exalted reigns,
And learn of the celestial choir
Their own immortal strains?

EVENSONG.

(*Jesu, redemptor omnium.* No. 43.)

JESUS, thou holy Son of God,
Thou friend to sinful man,
Who madest in heaven thy bright abode,
Before the world began,
Thou, Lord, our chiefest glory art,
Our only refuge thou :
Prayer is the incense of our heart ;
Accept that incense now.
The likeness, Lord, thou didst assume
Of our most sinful race,
That we, thy ransomed saints, might come
To share thy promised grace.
Oh ! then, thy work of grace begin,
And when begun, maintain ;
So shall no falling back to sin
Our later years profane.
So let the land, the sea, the sky,
Let all the world rejoice,
And sing thy glorious majesty,
With a triumphant voice.

And we, to whom thou camest on earth,
Eternal life to bring,
On this, the season of thy birth,
Thy wondrous love will sing.

OR THIS.

HARK, the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King,
Peace in heaven and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.
Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies,
With the angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born at Bethlehem.

Hark, the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King!

Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
Late in life behold Him come,
Offspring of a Virgin's womb;
Veiled in flesh, the Godhead He,
Hail the incarnate Deity!
Pleased as man with men to appear,
Jesus our Immanuel here.

Hark, the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King!

Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace,
Hail the Sun of Righteousness !
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing on his wings :
Mild He lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die !
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth !
Hark, the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King !

ST. STEPHEN'S DAY.

(*Quid, obstinata pectora.* No. 44.)

AN, wherefore do the impious Jews
Again their God defy ?
Their holy teacher they refuse,
And drag him forth to die.

At him they dare, with ruthless hands,
To cast the murderous stone,
While Saul, their chief, insulting stands,
And makes their crime his own.

But, lo ! before the martyr's eye
The starry poles are riven ;
He sees his Lord enthroned on high,
At God's right hand in heaven.

Thus ever thou wilt give thy might
To all thy saints, O Lord !
Thyself the witness of the fight,
Thyself their great reward.

Oh ! Stephen's was a glorious death,
Allowed for Christ to die :
His body sank the stones beneath,
His soul was in the sky.

For even then his ardent mind,
Filled with excess of light,
No longer was to earth confined,
But winged its upward flight.

The Father's name we loudly raise,
The Son we all adore ;
The Holy Ghost, one God, we praise,
Both now and evermore.

ST. JOHN'S DAY.

(*Jussu tyranni pro fide.* No. 45.)

BELoved disciple of thy Lord,
Wast thou to exile driven ?
Oh never sore thy spirit soar'd
With fleeter wings to heaven ;

He that was dead, and is alive,
Then cheer'd thine eyes again ;
The Lion, strong with death to strive,
The Lamb, for sinners slain.

Oh, then the mysteries were unfurl'd
Of His triumphant reign,
How martyr blood, through all the world,
His kingdom should maintain.

Then grant us, Lord, with Thee to die,—
With Thee again to rise :
With Thee from this vain world to fly,—
To meet Thee in the skies.

And now to Him, who vanquish'd death,
And shows the way to heaven,
To Christ from ev'ry human breath,
Be endless praises given.

INNOCENTS' DAY.

MATINS.

(*Salveti, Flores Martyrum.* No. 46.)

HAIL, infant martyrs, new-born victims, hail !
Hail, earliest flowerets of the Christian spring !
O'er whom, like rosebuds scattered by the gale,
The cruel sword such havoc dared to fling.

The Lord's first votive offerings of blood,
First tender lambs upon the altar laid,
Around in fearless innocence they stood,
And sported gaily with the murderous blade.

Oh ! what availed thee, Herod, this thy guilt,
This load of crime that on thy conscience lies ?
The Lord alone, whose blood thou would'st have
spilt,
Now mocks thy malice, and thy power defies.

Yes ! he alone survived, when all the ground
Drank the red torrents of that carnage wild ;
Though many a childless mother wailed around,
• The hand of murder spared the Virgin's child !

O Jesu, Virgin-born ! all praise to Thee,
And to the Father, and the Holy Ghost ;
One God eternal, ever honoured be,
By saints on earth, and by the heavenly host.

EVENSONG.

(*Molles in agnos ceu lupus.* No. 47.)

As wolves attack their helpless prey,
So Herod holds his murderous way,
And hopes, but oh ! he hopes in vain,
To mingle Jesus with the slain.

The cradles flow with infant blood,
But God his fury hath withstood ;
The Lord alone he sought to slay,
The Lord alone escapes away.

Ye mothers, let no tears be shed,—
 Yea, weep not, though your babes be dead :
 For now they stand around the Throne,
 And Jesus counts them as his own.

The Father's name we loudly raise,
 The Son, the Virgin-born, we praise ;
 The Holy Ghost we all adore,
 One God, both now and evermore.

CIRCUMCISION.

MATINS.

(*Felix dies, quam proprio.* No. 48.)

Oh, happy day, when first was poured
 The blood of our redeeming Lord !
 Oh, happy day, when first began
 His sufferings for sinful man !

Just entered on this world of woe,
 His blood already learned to flow :
 His future death was thus expressed,
 And thus His early love confessed.

From heaven descending, to fulfil
 The mandates of his Father's will,
 E'en now behold the victim lie,
 The Lamb of God, prepared to die ;

Beneath the knife behold The Child,
The innocent, the undefiled ;
For captives He the ransom pays,
For lawless man the law obeys.

Lord, circumcise our hearts, we pray ;
Our fleshy natures purge away ;
Thy name, thy likeness may they bear :
Yea, stamp thy holy image there !

The Father's name we loudly raise,
The Son, the Virgin-born, we praise :
The Holy Ghost we all adore,
One God, both now and evermore.

EVENSONG.

(*Victis sibi cognomina.* No. 49.)

'Tis for conquering kings to gain
Glory o'er their myriads slain :
Jesu, thy more glorious strife,
Hath restored a world to life.

So no other name is given
Unto mortals under heaven,
Which can make the dead to rise,
And exalt them to the skies.

That which Christ so hardly wrought,
That which he so dearly bought,
That salvation, mortals, say,
Will you madly cast away ;

Rather gladly for that name
Bear the cross, endure the shame ;
Joyfully for Him to die
Is not death, but victory.

Dost thou, Jesu, condescend
To be called the sinners' friend ?
Ours then it shall always be
Thus to make our boast of thee.

Glory to the Father be ;
Glory, Virgin-born, to thee ;
Glory to the Holy Ghost,
Ever from the heavenly host.

SUNDAY AFTER CIRCUMCISION.

NOCTURN.

(Verbum quod ante secula. No. 50.)

THE Word, who dwelt above the skies
With God before the world began,
Now on the Virgin's bosom lies,
A helpless new-born child of man.

Already on his sinless head
The streams of wrath begin to flow ;
Already, on his infant bed,
The taste of grief the Lord must know.

The lowliest poverty he bears,
That we may be with wealth supplied ;
He weeps, and by his precious tears
A guilty world is purified.

A simple dress, a mean abode,
A life obscure, his glory hide ;
Proud man ! behold thy lowly God,
And let the sight destroy thy pride.

O Thou who camest from the sky
To be the Lamb for sinners slain,
Thou wilt not leave thy saints to die,
Nor let such toil be spent in vain.

The Father's name we loudly raise,
The Virgin-born we all adore,
The Holy Ghost, one God, we praise
Both now on earth and evermore.

Amen.

MATINS.

(*Divine crescebas puer.* No. 51.)

IN stature grows the heavenly Child
With death before his eyes ;
A Lamb unblemished, meek and mild,
Prepared for sacrifice.

The Son of God his glory hides
With parents mean and poor :
And He who made the heaven abides
In dwelling-place obscure.

Those mighty hands that stay the sky
No earthly toil refuse,
And He who set the stars on high,
An humble trade pursues.

He before whom the angels stand,
At whose behest they fly,
Now yields himself to man's command,
And lays his glory by.

The Father's name we loudly raise,
The Son we all adore,
The Holy Ghost, one God, we praise
Both now and evermore.

Amen.

EVENSONG.

(*Christus tenebris obsitam.* No. 52.)

THROUGH Judah's land the Saviour walks,
The word of life to teach :
His own he seeks,—his own refuse
To hearken to His speech.

And yet the miracles He works
The Son of God proclaim :
The deaf can hear, the dumb pronounce
The great Messiah's name.

But no ! they turn their ears away,
His doctrine they repel :
They hate the Sun, for ah ! they love
Their night of sin too well.

But we, O God, thy light desire,
That shines so bright, so fair :
Oh ! search our hearts, and thou shalt find
No love of darkness there.

Oh, ever on thy chosen saints
Such blessings, Lord, bestow !
Oh, may thy truth for ever shine,
Thy love for ever glow !

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Holy Ghost,
Be glory from the saints on earth,
And from the heavenly host.

Amen.

EPIPHANY.

(*Quæ Stella sole pulchrrior.* No. 53.)

WHAT star is this, with beams so bright,
Which shame the sun's less radiant light ?
'Tis sent to announce a new-born King,—
Glad tidings of our God to bring.

'Tis now fulfilled what God decreed,—
"From Jacob shall a star proceed :"
And lo ! the Eastern sages stand,
To read in heaven the Lord's command.

While outward signs the star displays,
An inward light the Lord conveys,
And urges them, with force benign,
To seek the Giver of the sign.

True love can brook no dull delay,—
 Through toils and dangers lies their way :
 And yet their home, their friends, their all,
 They leave at once, at God's high call.

Oh, while the star of heavenly grace
 Invites us, Lord, to seek thy Face,
 May we no more that grace repel,
 Or quench that light, which shines so well !

To God the Father, God the Son
 And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
 May every tongue and nation raise
 An endless song of thankful praise!

SUNDAYS AFTER THE EPIPHANY.

MATINS.

(*Clamantis ecce vox sonans*, No. 54.)

THE voice of him who cries aloud
 Is heard on Judah's waste :
 And soon a sinful sorrowing crowd
 Around the Baptist haste.

And see, as they assemble thus,
 The spotless Lamb draws nigh :
 The Lamb, who gave himself for us,
 To suffer and to die.

John's mind, with heav'nly light supplied,
The Source of light could see :

"I need thy washing, Lord," he cried ;
"And comest thou to me?"

But e'en though thus self-humbled, still
His word must be obeyed:
He must in every point fulfil
The law himself hath made.

Herald of Christ, at length thine eyes
The Mightier one have seen :
'Tis thine with water to baptize,
'Tis his with fire to clean.

Praise to the Son, through whom alone
Our stains of guilt are lost ;
Like praise be to the Father done,
And to the Holy Ghost.

EVENSONG.

(*Emergit undis, et Deo.* No. 55.)

Now Jesus lifts his prayer on high,
Emerging from the stream:
And, lo! descending from the sky,
The Spirit's radiant beam.

Swift moving, like a beauteous dove,
It rests on Him alone:
"This," saith the voice of God above,
"Is my beloved Son."

So those on whom is duly poured
The blessed baptismal wave,
They too are children of the Lord,
They too may ask and have.

Theirs is the holy purity
And meekness of the dove :
To them the Holy Ghost is nigh,
To fill their souls with love.

Lord, if thou hast removed our stain
In that most holy flood,
May no fresh sin destroy again
The cleansing of Thy blood !

Praise to the Son, through whom alone
Our stains of guilt are lost :
Like praise be to the Father done,
And to the Holy Ghost.

SEPTUAGESIMA.

(*Te læta mundi conditor.* No. 56.)

THOU, great Creator, art possessed,
And Thou alone, of endless rest :
To angels only it belongs
To lift to Thee their ceaseless songs.

But we must toil and toil again,
With ceaseless woe and endless pain :
How then can we, in exile drear,
Lift the glad song of glory here ?

Oh, Thou, who wilt forgiving be,
To all who truly turn to Thee,
Grant us to mourn the hapless cause
Of all our woe, Thy broken laws!

Then to such salutary grief
Let faith and hope bring due relief,
And we, too, shall be soon possessed
Of ceaseless songs of endless rest.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And Holy Ghost, be glory done :
Let equal praise to each be given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

SEXAGESIMA.

(Rebus creatis nil egens. No. 57.)

Our God, in His celestial seat,
In glory and in power complete,
To make that power and glory known,
Lays the round world's foundation-stone.

The elements, before unmade,
Are now in beauteous order laid :
And wondrous harmony they raise,
To celebrate their Maker's praise.

But e'en while thus the world comes forth,
In all the beauty of its birth,
His mind hath in itself unfurled
Another and a nobler world.

Its builder is His only Son,
In grace and love it is begun :
'Tis carried on through every age
By His own word, the Gospel page.

In heaven at length, when time is o'er,
'Twill stand complete, to move no more :
Made meet for such a blessed abode,
Meet for the dwelling-place of God.

Oh, God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Preserve, direct, maintain in love,
The world below, and world above !

QUINQUAGESIMA.

(*Vos ante Christi tempora.* No. 58.)

Oh, ye, who followed Christ in love,
While yet He dwelt in realms above,
First children of Almighty grace :
First fathers of the faithful race !

Oh, how can words of equal worth
The wonders of your faith set forth !
Or tell of all your panting sighs,
Which hope uplifted to the skies !

In dreary exile here below,
Ye found the world an empty show ;
On real delights you fixed your love,
Not here below, but there above.

The heart, O God, that loves Thee well,
Still longs with Thee in peace to dwell :
Forbid, O Lord, our souls to roam,
And fix them on our future home.

Praise to the Father, and the Son
And Holy Spirit, Three in One ;
Eternal praise to each be given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

SEASON BEFORE LENT.

(*Alleluia ! dulce carmen.* No. 59.)

ALLELUIA ! best and sweetest
Of the hymns of praise above !
Alleluia ! thou repeatest,
Angel host, these notes of love,
This ye utter.
While your golden harps ye move.

Alleluia ! Church victorious,
Join the concert of the sky !
Alleluia ! bright and glorious,
Lift, ye saints, this strain on high !
We, poor exiles,
Join not yet your melody.

Alleluia! strains of gladness
 Suit not souls with anguish torn :
Alleluia! sounds of sadness
 Best become our state forlorn :
 Our offences
We with bitter tears must mourn.

But our earnest supplication,
 Holy God, we raise to thee :
Visit us with thy salvation,
 Make us all thy joys to see !
 Alleluia !
Ours at length this strain shall be.

OR THUS.

Alleluia ! dulce carmen.

OH ! glorious is the song
 Of everlasting praise,
When all the angel throng
 Their joyful chorus raise :
 Alleluia !
 When seraphs sing
 To God their King,
 Alleluia !

Thou too, Jerusalem,
 The concert thou may'st join,
And this may be the theme
 Of every saint of thine :

Hallelujah !
 Thou too may'st sing
 To God thy King,
 Hallelujah.

But oh ! we may not now
 This joyful strain begin :
 Our heads we first must bow
 In sorrow for our sin.

Alleluia !
 We may not sing
 To God our King,
 Alleluia !

O Lord, our hearts incline,
 To worship only Thee !
 We then that choir may join,
 And ours that strain may be :

Alleluia !
 We then may sing
 To God our King,
 Alleluia !

LENT.

NOCTURN.

(*Quod lex adumbravit vetus.* No. 60.)

THIS solemn fast the Fathers saw
 Forth shadowed in the ancient law,
 And Jesus, when on earth he came,
 Taught us to celebrate the same.

Curtail we then, while Lent shall last,
The night's repose, the day's repast ;
Be every earthly thought repress,
And silenced each unhallowed jest.

Controlled be every vain desire,
And quenched each passion's lawless fire ;
Let no unbridled lust rebel,
And force the soul's weak citadel.

And let us all, with downcast eye,
The altar of our God draw nigh,
And mourn our sins, if so we may
His just resentment turn away.

Oh, fearful Judge of quick and dead,
Our sins lie heavy on our head :
Too heavy far for us to bear,
Yet, gracious Father, deign to spare !

Blest Three in One, assist, we pray,
The service of this sacred day ;
And may its holy fruits appear
In penitence and love sincere.

MATINS.

(*Solemne nos jejunii.* No. 61.)

THE solemn season calls us now
A holy fast to keep :
And see within the temple how
Both priest and people weep.

But come not thou with tears alone,
Or outward form of prayer :
But let it in thy heart be known
That penitence is there.

Thy breast to beat, thy clothes to rend,
God asketh not of thee :
Thy stubborn soul he bids thee bend
In true humility.

Oh ! let us, then, with heartfelt grief,
Draw near unto our God,
And pray to Him to grant relief,
And stay th' uplifted rod.

Oh ! righteous Judge, if thou wilt deign
To grant us all we need,
We pray for time to turn again,
And grace to turn indeed.

Blest Three in One, with grief sincere,
To Thee we humbly pray,
That fruits of mercy may appear
To bless this fasting-day.

EVENSONG.

(*Audi benigne conditor.* No. 62.)

THOU gracious Author of our days,
Oh ! may thine ears be bent,
Unto the mournful prayer we raise,
In this our fast of Lent.

Thou, the heart-searching God, must know
How vile and weak we be :
But, Lord, do thou thy mercy show,
And draw us back to Thee.

Great is our sin, and great our shame,
But, oh ! do thou forgive :
Help, for the glory of thy name,
And let poor sinners live.

Oh ! may our outward abstinence
Have such effect within,
That we may rescue every sense
From every stain of sin.

Blest Three in One, with grief sincere,
To Thee we humbly pray,
That fruits of mercy may appear
To bless this fasting-day.

GOOD FRIDAY.

NOCTURN I.

(*Fando quis audivit, Dei.* No. 63.)

To whom is our report made known ?
Of mercies which the Lord hath shown,
Such wonders scarce can faith believe,
And scarce the mind such love conceive.

The Son of God, for sinful man
In purpose slain, since time began,
His body now in deed supplies
As our atoning sacrifice.

But wherefore, Saviour, dost Thou lie
In such a mournful agony?
And why those bloody drops, that show
Thy soul's deep anguish, as they flow.

Oh ! 'tis the effect of grief within
The horror of unpardoned sin :
For, standing in the sinner's room,
Thou tremblest at the sinner's doom.

Doth the dread cup deter thy soul ?
But oh ! unless thou drink the whole,
For us poor sinners it must flow
A draught of never-ending woe.

But heavenly love is ne'er dismayed,
And God may not be disobeyed ;
And lo ! he yields Him to the hour
Of darkness, and to hell's dark power.

And now to blows, rebukes and scorn,
The purple robe, the crown of thorn,
E'en to the cross behold Him given,
A victim to the wrath of heaven,

The Father, who the Victim gave,
The Son who died, mankind to save,
The Holy Ghost, we all adore,
One God, both now and evermore.

Amen.

NOCTURN II.

(*Opprobriis, Jesu, satur.* No. 64.)

HIS trial o'er, and now beneath
His own cross faintly bending,
Jesus the fatal hill of death
Is wearily ascending.

And now, his hands and feet pierced through,
Upon the cross they raise him,
Where even now, in distant view,
The eye of faith surveys him.

Oh, wondrous love, which God most high
Towards man was pleased to cherish !
His sinless Son he gave to die,
That sinners might not perish.

Our sins' pollution to remove
His blood was asked and given :
So mighty was the Saviour's love,
So vast the wrath of Heaven.

Yes ! tis the cross that breaks the rod
And chain of condemnation,
And makes a league 'twixt man and God,
For our entire salvation.

Oh ! praise the Father, praise the Son,
The Lamb for sinners given,
And Holy Ghost, through whom alone
Our hearts are raised to heaven.

MATINS.

(*Dum Christe, confixus cruci.* No. 65.)

WHILST in the agonies of death,
The Saviour yields his latest breath,
We, too, will mount on Calvary's height,
And contemplate the wondrous sight !

O Lamb of God, by faith we see
How all our hopes are fixed on Thee :
Thy cross we see ordained by heaven,
For man to look and be forgiven.

By this thy saints to glory come,
By this they brave the martyr's doom :
In this the surest proof we find
Of God's vast love to lost mankind.

On this, O Lord ! enthroned on high,
With more than royal majesty,
Thou spreadest forth thine arms abroad,
And callest all mankind to God.

Oh ! grant us then to find a place
Around the footstool of thy grace,
And there in humble faith to stay,
Till all our sins are washed away.

Oh, banner of the cross, unfurled,
To shine with glory through the world,
Oh, may we ever cleave to Thee,
And thou shalt our salvation be !

The Father, who the Victim gave,
The Son, who died mankind to save ;
The Holy Ghost, we all adore,
One God, both now and evermore.

EVENSONG.

(*Vexilla regis prodeunt.* No. 66.)

THE royal banner is unfurled,
The cross is reared on high,
On which the Saviour of the world
Is stretched in agony.

See through his holy hands and feet
The cruel nails they drive,
Our ransom thus is made complete,
Our souls are saved alive.

And see, the spear hath pierced his side,
And shed that sacred flood,
That holy reconciling tide,
The water and the blood.

Hail ! holy cross, from thee we learn
The only way to heaven ;
And oh, to thee may sinners turn,
And look, and be forgiven !

Jehovah ! we thy name adore,
In Thee we will rejoice,
And sing, till time shall be no more,
The triumphs of the Cross.

OR THIS.

(*Prone vocem, mens, canoram.* No. 67.)

Now, my soul, thy voice upraising,
Sing aloud in mournful strain
Of the sorrows most amazing,
And the agonizing pain,
Which our Saviour,
Sinless bore, for sinners slain.

He the ruthless scourge enduring,
Ransom for our sins to pay,
Sinners by his own stripes curing,
Raising those who wounded lay,
Bore our sorrows,
And removed our pains away.

He to liberty restored us
By the very bonds he bare,
And his nail-pierced limbs afford us
Each a stream of mercy rare,
Us they fasten
To the cross, and keep us there.

When his painful life was ended,
Then the spear transfixed his side,
Blood and water thence descended,
Pouring forth a double tide :
This to cleanse us,
That to heal us, is applied.

Jesu, may thy promised blessing
Comfort to our souls afford,
May we, now thy love possessing,
And at length our full reward,
Ever praise Thee,
As our ever-glorious Lord.

EASTER SUNDAY.

NOCTURN.

(*Adeste cœlitum chori.* No. 68.)

COME, thou blest angelic throng,
Join with us in joyful song ;
Christ our Saviour, on this day
Cast the bonds of death away.

All in vain around his tomb
Watched the soldiers through the gloom .
All in vain His crafty foes
Sought with seals the door to close.

Idle fears ! no thief will come
To remove him from the tomb :
He, who gave himself to death,
Can himself resume his breath.

On the cross the senseless crowd
Saw him hang, and laughed aloud ;
“ Now come down,” they cried, “ and we
Will believe that thou art He.”

But thou didst thy Father's will
Even to the death fulfil :
Thou didst not the offering shun,
Priest and Victim, all in one.

So upon the cross he stayed,
And within the tomb was laid :
Now he leaves that dark abode,
Hail Him as the Son of God.

Amen.

MATINS.

(*Aurora cælum purpurat.* No. 69.)

THIS holy morn, so fair and bright,
Shall hear our praises swell :
For oh, what joy prevails on earth,
What wild despair in hell !

This morn our mighty King arose
From death's infernal cave,
And many a saint, to welcome Him,
Hath left his ancient grave.

In vain they sealed his sepulchre,
And watched around his tomb,—
The Lord hath gained the victory,
And death is overcome.

Then weep no more at death's dark power,
Let no more tears be shed :
For why ! the vanquisher of death
Is risen from the dead.

Oh, Jesu ! may we ever live
From sin and sorrow free :
Then let us ever die to sin,
And ever live to Thee.

Amen.

HYMN I.

SINCE Christ, our passover, is slain,
A sacrifice for all,
Let all with thankful hearts agree,
To keep the festival.

Not with the leaven, as of old,
Of sin and malice fed,
But with unfeigned sincerity,
And truth's unleavened bread.

Christ being raised by power divine,
And rescued from the grave,
Shall die no more ; death shall on Him
No more dominion have.

For that He died, 'twas for our sins
He once vouchsafed to die ;
But that He lives, He lives to God,
For all eternity.

So count yourselves as dead to sin,
But graciously restored,
And made henceforth alive to God,
Through Jesus Christ our Lord.

HYMN II.

CHRIST from the dead is raised, and made
The first fruits of the tomb :
For as by man came death, by man
Did resurrection come.

For as in Adam all mankind
Did guilt and sin derive,
So by the righteousness of Christ
Shall all be made alive.

If then ye risen are with Christ,
Seek only how to get
The things that are above, where Christ
At God's right hand doth sit.

HYMN III.

JESUS CHRIST is risen to-day,
Our triumphant holiday :
Who did once, upon the cross
Suffer to redeem our loss.
Alleluia !

Hymns of praise then let us sing
Unto Christ, our heavenly King ;
Who endured the cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save.
Alleluia !

But the pain which he endured
Our salvation hath secured ;
Now above the sky he's King,
Where the angels ever sing.
Alleluia !

EVENSONG.

(*Forti tegente brachio.*) No. 70.

PROTECTED by the Almighty hand,
We traversed safe the severed main :
No more we see the Egyptian land,
No more we feel the tyrant's chain.

Oh ! then, to God, with one accord,
Be joyful thanks and homage paid :
And let us come before the Lord,
In robes of innocence arrayed.

Yes, let us at His table meet,
And banquet at his feast of love :
So shall our soul, with transport beat,
And God's own presence sweetly prove.

Christ is our Paschal Lamb to-day,
To Him the Christian looks for food :
Nor will the avenging angel slay
Those who are sprinkled with his blood.

Oh, Victim, worthy of the sky,
Beneath whose power death vanquished fell :
Who saved mankind from misery,
And burst the dungeon-gates of hell !

Oh ! praise the Father, and the Son,
Who bids us welcome to the skies,
And Holy Ghost, by whom alone
We share the Saviour's victories.

ASCENSION DAY.

NOCTURN.

(*Salutis humanæ Sator.* No. 71.)

OH, Jesu, Lord of heavenly grace,
Redeemer of our guilty race,
To Thee our faithful eyes we bend,
The saint's delight, the sinner's friend !

What wondrous love prevailed on Thee,
The bearer of our sins to be :
Thyself in sacrifice to give
That sinners might not die, but live !

Now crushed is Satan's doleful reign,
And shivered is the tyrant's chain ;
And Thou art in thy meet abode,
A conqueror on the throne of God.

Oh ! let thy mercy then prevail,
To heal the losses we bewail :
Oh ! cheer us with thy beaming face,
Enrich us with thy gifts of grace.

Be thou our passage to the skies,
Be thou the goal before our eyes,
Our present joy, to dry our tears,
Our future prize, for endless years.

MATINS.

(*Opus peregristi tuam.* No. 72.)

REDEEMER! now thy work is done!
Death owns thy power, the prize is won!
And now once more we see thee rise,
Returning to thy native skies.

A radiant cloud is now thy seat,
And earth lies stretched beneath thy feet:
While myriads, in their bright array,
Attend thee homeward on thy way.

Beside the everlasting gates
The angel-host enraptured waits:
He comes, he comes, and God's high throne
Receives at length the Holy One.

There, Jesu, thou hast never ceased
To be our friend, our great high priest:
Pleading in our behalf thy blood,
That holy reconciling flood.

And thence the Church, thy chosen bride,
With spiritual gifts supplied,
Through all her members draws from Thee
Her hidden life of sanctity.

And thence, when perils close around,
Thou makest us maintain our ground :
'Tis thy right arm subdues our foes,
Thy hand the victor's prize bestows.

All praise to Jesus Christ be given,
The conqueror who returns to heaven :
With praise exalt, ye heavenly host,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

EVENSONG.

(*Jesu, nostra, redemptio.* No. 73.)

O CHRIST, our hope, our heart's desire,
Redemption's only spring ;
Creator of the world art thou,
Its Saviour and its King.

How vast the mercy and the love
Which laid our sins on Thee :
And led Thee to a cruel death,
To set thy people free !

But now the bonds of death are burst,
The ransom has been paid :
And Thou art on thy Father's throne,
In glorious robes arrayed.

Oh, may thy mighty love prevail
Our sinful souls to spare !
Oh, may we come before Thy throne,
And find acceptance there !

Oh, Christ, be thou our present joy,
Our future great reward ;
Our only glory may it be,
To glory in the Lord.
Amen.

SUNDAY AFTER ASCENSION DAY.

NOCTURN.

(*Felix dies mortalibus.* No. 74.)

OH, 'twas a day both bright and good,
To us poor mortals given,
When Jesus opened by his blood
The long-closed doors of heaven !

For Jesus is his people's head,
Where He is, we shall be :
If we are by His spirit led,
His glory we shall see.

In body He is far from hence,
In spirit He is near :
E'en now His blessed influence
The fainting soul can cheer.

But oh ! that day, to wicked men,
What terrors 'twill disclose,
That day when He shall come again,
To rid Him of his foes.

The Judge, by sinners slain, that day
His office shall resume,
And strike His judges with dismay
At their tremendous doom.

His soul to death He freely gave
To set poor sinners free :
Those, then, whom Jesus will not save,
What must their portion be ?

To Christ, the future Judge, be praise
From all the angel-host :
Like worship to the Father raise,
And to the holy Ghost.

MATINS.

(*Sensus quis horror percutit.* No. 75.)

WHAT terrors shake my trembling soul !
Behold ! the skies are riven ;
And Christ appears in clouds of light,
Amid the hosts of heaven.

The trumpet sounds : the opening graves
Obey the dread command ;
And angels force the risen dead
Around their Judge to stand.

Now all who left the world for Christ,
By Christ are raised on high :
Yea, all who loved their lowly God,
And shared his poverty.

But lo ! the cross, which once the Jew
And Gentile dared despise,
The saint's delight, the sinner's scorn,
Shines brightly in the skies.

That cross those wicked men behold,
But find no mercy there :
It only serves to seal their fate,
And heighten their despair.

Lord, may we never to such guilt,
Or to such downfall come !
Oh, save us from the sinner's path,
And from the sinner's doom !

Oh, future Judge, to thy great name
All glory we afford !
The Father, and the Holy Ghost
Be equally adored.

EVENSONG.

(*Nobis Olympo redditus.* No. 76.)

OH, Christ, who hast prepared a place
For us around thy throne of grace,
We pray thee, lift our hearts above,
And draw them with the cords of love !

Source of all good, thou, gracious Lord,
Art our exceeding great reward ;
How transient is our present pain
How boundless our eternal gain !

With open face and joyful heart
We then shall see thee as thou art :
Our love shall never cease to glow,
Our praise shall never cease to flow.

Thy never-failing grace to prove,
A surety of thine endless love,
Send down thy Holy Ghost, to be
The raiser of our souls to Thee.

O future Judge, Eternal Lord,
Thy name be hallowed and adored :
To God the Father, king of heaven,
And Holy Ghost, like praise be given.

Amen.

WHITSUNDAY.

EVE.

(*O Christi, qui noster poli.* No. 77.)

O JESU, who art gone before
To thy blest realms of light,
Oh, thither may our spirits soar,
And wing their upward flight !

Make us to those delights aspire,
Which spring from love to Thee,
Which pass the carnal heart's desire,
Which faith alone can see.

When to his saints as their reward,
Himself Jehovah gives,
And thus its all-sufficient Lord
The faithful soul receives.

To guide us to thy glories, Lord,
To lift us to the sky,
Oh, may thy Holy Ghost be poured
Upon us from on high !

Praise to the Father and the Son,
Who dwells aloft in heaven :
And to the Spirit, Three in One,
Let equal praise be given.

NOCTURN I.

(*Suprema rector cœlitum.* No. 78.)

RULER of the hosts of light,
Death hath yielded to thy might,
And thy blood hath marked a road,
Which will lead us back to God.

From thy dwelling-place above,
From thy Father's throne of love,
Look upon us here below,
Do not leave us in our woe.

Now thou sittest on thy throne,
By thy death thy sorrows won,
Now perform the promise given,
Send the Holy Ghost from heaven.

Praise the Son, who reigns on high
With the Father, in the sky :
And the Holy Ghost adore,
Three in One, for evermore.

Amen.

NOCTURN II.

(*Veni, Superne Spiritus.* No. 79.)

COME, Holy Ghost, thou source of good !
For lo ! the world, by Jesus' blood
Relieved from guilt, from bondage free,
Now pants for grace, and longs for thee.

Accomplish now the promise given
By Christ when he returned to heaven :
With holy love our hearts inspire,
And cleanse them with thy sacred fire.

Our grief is great : our Lord is gone :
And we are helpless and alone ;
Oh, pity our deserted state,
And do not leave us desolate !

The truth, till now concealed in shade,
And only to a few conveyed,
Oh, far and wide that truth reveal,
That all mankind its power may feel.

Oh ! may the unction from above
Anoint us all with holy love :
Thy tidings to our hearts declare,
And write thy law for ever there.

Now to the Father and the Son,
Be equal praise and glory done :
And to the Spirit, source of love,
Be praise on earth, and praise above

MATINS.

(*Audimur, alma Spiritus.* No. 80.)

OUR prayer is heard : the holy Dove,
Sent from the Father's breast above,
Brings down to mortal man's abode
The gifts, the promised gifts of God.

And oh, what wonders were displayed,
When He on earth his entrance made !
A blast, loud rushing through the sky
Gave notice that the Lord was nigh.

And then the Holy Spirit came
In form of fast descending flame,
And rested on the assembled choir,
Like cloven tongues of living fire.

And those bright flames, thus gently shed,
On each apostle's hallowed head,
Within their hearts and senses pour
A life and strength unknown before.

Amazed the Gentiles stand around,
And listen to the varied sound :
Each hears the Gospel's glad command
In accents of his native land.

And while the word is preached aloud,
The Spirit fills the assembled crowd :
Fresh prophets thus on every side,
And holy men are multiplied.

Now to the Father and the Son
Be everlasting glory done,
And to the Spirit, who inspires
Our hearts with his celestial fires.

THE THIRD HOUR, OR NINE O'CLOCK.

(*Veni Creator, Spiritus.* No. 81.)

COME, Holy Ghost, Creator, come,
Inspire the souls of thine,
Till every heart which thou hast made
Is filled with grace divine.

Thou art the Comforter ; the gift
Of God, and fire of love,
The everlasting spring of joy,
And unction from above.

Thy gifts are manifold: thou writest
God's laws in each true heart ;
The promise of the Father, thou
Dost heavenly speech impart.

Enlighten our dark souls, till they
Thy sacred love embrace :
Assist our minds, by nature frail,
With thy celestial grace.

Drive far from us the mortal foe,
And give us peace within ;
That by thy guidance blest, we may
Escape the snares of sin.

Teach us the Father to confess,
And Son, from death revived,
And with them both, Thee, Holy Ghost,
Who art from both derived.

With Thee, O Father, therefore may
The Son, our gracious Lord,
And sacred Comforter, one God,
For ever be adored.

Amen.

TRINITY SUNDAY.

MATINS.

(*Ter sancte, ter potens Deus.* No. 82.)

THRICE holy God, of wondrous might,
O Trinity of love divine,
To thee belongs unclouded light,
And everlasting joys are thine.

About thy throne dark clouds abound,
About thee shine such dazzling rays,
That angels, as they stand around
Are fain to tremble as they gaze.

Thy new-born people, gracious Lord,
Confess thee in thine own great name ;
By hope they taste the rich reward,
Which faith already dares to claim.
Father, may we thy laws fulfil,
Blest Son, may we thy precepts learn ;
And thou, blest Spirit, guide our will,
Our feet unto thy pathway turn.
Yea, Father, may thy will be done,
And may we thus thy name adore,
Together with thy blessed Son,
And Holy Ghost, for evermore.
Amen.

EVENSONG.

(*O luce qui tuâ lates.* No. 83.)

O THOU who dwellest bright on high,
Thou ever-blessed Trinity !
Thee we confess, in thee believe,
To thee with pious heart we cleave.
O Father, by thy saints adored,
O Son of God, our blessed Lord,
O Holy Spirit, who dost join,
Father and Son with love divine.
We see the Father in the Son,
And with the Father Christ is one ;
The Holy Ghost, the Paraclete,
In both resides, in both complete.

For God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Holy Ghost are one :
All three one blessed truth approve,
All three compose one holy love

To God the Father, God the Son,
And Holy Ghost, be glory done ;
One God Almighty we adore,
With heart and voice, for evermore.

SAINTS' DAYS.

ST. PAUL.

MATINS.

(*Quos in hostes, Saule, tendis.* No. 84.)

'GAINST what foemen art thou rushing,
Saul, what madness drives thee on ?
Innocents in fury crushing,
Children of the sinless One ;
Oh, how shortly
Shall He make His vengeance known !

See the Lord, from heaven descending,
Smites him, blinds him, lays him low :
See the persecutor bending
Humbly, meekly to the blow.
See him rising
Friend to Christ, no longer foe.

Breathing slaughter, chains preparing,
Oh! how fierce his anger burned :
Now that he has lost his daring,
And the Gospel truth has learned,
The destroyer
Now into a lamb is turned.

Christ, thy power is man's salvation,
And thy love is here made known :
He who wrought such desolation
That thy cause might be o'erthrown,
Now converted,
Makes that sacred cause his own.

Praise the Father, God of heaven,
Him who reigns supreme on high :
Praise the Son, for sinners given
Both to suffer and to die :
Praise the Spirit,
Who prepares us for the sky.

EVENSONG.

(*Pastore percusso, minas.* No. 85.)

THE shepherd slain, the wolf returns,
Against the fold his anger burns :
He now begins, with blindfold shock,
To scatter and destroy the flock.

But when there meets him on the road
The voice of his upbraiding God,
His wrath at once those words remove,
Exchanged for faith and holy love.

Now meek and gentle, foe no more,
He tends the flock he smote before,
In captive bonds the captor led,
The haughty victor bows his head.

O thou, who with a word hast strewn
 The lofty trees of Lebanon,
 Thou, whose resistless grace hath bowed
 The haughty spirit of the proud,

Thou, Shepherd, lift thine hand to crush
 All foes that on thy sheep-fold rush :
 And turn us back, whene'er we stray,
 And lead us on thine own good way.

And now to God, the Three in One
 Be highest praise and glory done,
 Who calleth us from sin's dark night,
 To walk in his eternal light.

AN APOSTLE.

NOCTURN.

{Supreme quales arbiter. No. 86.)

WHAT feeble instruments, O Lord,
 Fulfil thy wond'rous plan ;
 How mean the channels, which convey
 Thy grace to sinful man !

Yes, frail the vessels, but within
 The heavenly torch is laid ;
 Which only waits Thy word to burst
 Like lightning through the shade.

H

A feeble band, but led by Christ,
Hell's bulwarks they o'erthrow :
So fell, at Israel's trump alone,
The walls of Israel's foe.

O Jesu, may thy trumpet clang
Our sluggish souls excite :
May our thick darkness be dispelled
By thy celestial light !

And now to God, the Three in One
Be praise and glory given :
Who calleth us, from sin's dark night,
To share the beams of heaven.

MATINS.

(*Cælestis aulae principes.* No. 87.)

HAIL ! Princes of the host of heaven,
To whom by Christ, your chief, 'tis given,
On twelve bright thrones to sit on high,
And judge the world with equity.

'Tis yours to cheer with sacred light
Those who lie sunk in sin's dark night :
To guide them in the upward path,
And rescue them from endless wrath.

With no vain arts, no earthly sword,
Ye quell the rebels of the Lord :
The cross, the cross which men despise,
'Tis that achieves your victories.

Through you the wondrous works of God
Are spread through every land abroad ;
Thus every clime records your fame,
And distant ages praise your name.

And now to God, the Three in One,
Be highest praise and glory done,
Who calleth us from sin's dark night,
To walk in His eternal light.

EVENSONG.

(*Quem misit in terras Deus.* No. 88.)

His only son the Father gave
From death and hell mankind to save :
And Jesus, on His Throne above,
Through you completes his task of love.

When the meek Lamb, by fierce wolves slain,
Sent you, his sheep, those wolves to gain,
They soon themselves, so wild before,
Meek lambs became, fierce wolves no more.

The earth was once with human blood
Of idol sacrifice bedewed :
Your martyr blood, upon it poured,
Hath made it holy to the Lord.

And oh ! what fruits of beauty rare,
Thus fertilized, it now doth bear,
Of God's free grace, the blessed effect,
The harvest of the Lord's elect.

And oh! may we that grace receive
From Him who doth the increase give,
And we in time shall all be stored
In the bright garners of the Lord.

And now to God, the Three in One,
Be highest praise and glory done,
Who calleth us from sin's dark night
To walk in his eternal light.

Amen.

ANNUNCIATION.

MATINS.

(*Pulsum supernis sedibus.* No. 89.)

LONG time the fallen human race
In sinful darkness laid,
And ignorant of the way to life,
In hopeless wanderings strayed.

But now their King on earth descends
To teach the way to heaven,
To fetch poor exiles back to God,
Himself to exile given.

He comes to wanderers here below
His succour to afford :
Himself the way, himself the life,
Himself their great reward.

Eternal God, within the veil
Of human flesh confined,
Oh ! may thy truth its beams unfold
To every faithful mind !

Redeemer of the world, to Thee
All glory we afford,
The Father and the Holy Ghost
Be equally adored.

EVENSONG.

(*Hæc illa solemnis dies.* No. 90.)

THIS is the day, the solemn day,
Which God appointed to convey
Such news as made our sorrows cease,
Glad news of mercy and of peace.

Our parents' guilt, our parents' fall,
To certain death consigned us all :
From certain death mankind to save,
His only Son Jehovah gave.

Yes ! He who was th' Eternal's Son,
E'er time had yet its course begun,
Our life of pain and weakness bore,
Nor did the Virgin's womb abhor.

He took on him our mortal state,
That he might bear the sinner's fate,
That so his blood, in ransom given,
Might take away the wrath of heaven.

Yes! He, the infinite great God,
In human flesh awhile abode :
That we might high in glory dwell,
He came as our Immanuel.

Redeemer of the world, to thee
All praise and glory rendered be :
And to the Father, King of heaven,
And Holy Ghost, all praise be given.

AN EVANGELIST'S DAY.

MATINS.

(*Sinæ sub alto vertice.* No. 91.)

THE law on Sinai's fiery height,
'Mid thunderings was given :
The lightning flash, the trumpet clang
Bespoke the God of heaven.

But now a veil of human flesh
Around his brightness thrown,
Our God in milder beams arrayed,
To favoured man is shown.

The stone-writ law no strength could give
Its precepts to fulfil :
The Gospel law converts the heart,
And sanctifies the will.

This Gospel law your faithful hands
And faithful lips revealed ;
Commended by your holy lives,
And by your life-blood sealed.

And, oh ! may these your words of life,
Which God's own hand hath traced,
By him be written on our hearts,
And never be effaced !

Amen.

EVENSONG.

(*Christi perennes nuntii.* No. 92.)

HERALDS of Christ, to every age,
Who open wide the Gospel page,
Unfolding all the wondrous plan
Of love divine to sinful man.

The mysteries, which beneath the law
The holy Prophets dimly saw,
Ye now behold in open day,
For Christ removes these shades away.

The woes he bore, the words he taught,
The wondrous miracles he wrought,
All this ye wrote, as God decreed,
That all posterity might read.

The self-same Spirit was your guide,
On him your faithful minds relied ;
Oh ! may that Spirit still be given
To teach our hearts the laws of heaven !

Oh! praise the Father, praise the Son,
Who victory o'er the grave hath won,
And to the Spirit praise be given
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

ST. PHILIP AND ST. JAMES.

NOCTURN.

(*Prædicta Christi mors adest.* No. 93.)

At length draws near the long-expected day,
But, oh! ye saints, your anxious fears remove;
For though no more on earth your Lord will stay,
Ye lose his presence, but retain his love.

Oh! then be strong, and fortify your hearts,
The vain contentions of the world despise;
In God's good time the wintry storm departs,
And days of tranquil sunshine shall arise.

Though now ye weep, ye soon shall weep no more,
The hand of God himself your tears shall dry,
When sinners, now triumphant, shall deplore
Their short-lived joys, their endless misery.

Then He who put your human nature on,
The power of death by dying to destroy,
Shall bid you come, and welcome to his throne,
To see his glory, and to share his joy.

Then, Jesu, grant us now to die with Thee,
With new-born hearts, oh ! grant us now to rise,
That so the world's vain pleasures we may flee,
And fix our hearts, our treasure, in the skies.

Now to the Father, and his only Son,
Who conquered death, and reigns supreme in
heaven,
And to the Holy Spirit, Three in One,
All praise and glory evermore be given.

MATINS.

(*Dum morte victor obrutâ.* No. 94.)

THE Lord hath burst the bonds of death,
And triumphed o'er the grave,
Once more your Master ye behold,
Who died your souls to save.

Remember how with joyful hearts
Ye swelled his faithful train,
And listened to the wondrous things
Of His eternal reign.

But when He told you of the cross,
The woes he first must bear,
Your fearful love too soon consigned
Your hearts to sad despair.

Oh ! surely 'twas ordained for Him,
As Son of man to die,
That He might triumph over death,
As Son of God most high.

O Lord, we pray thee, be thou still
Our teacher from above :
Instruct our hearts to know thee well,
And as we know, to love.

Now to the Father, and the Son,
Who reigns supreme in heaven,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Be endless glory given.

EVENSONG.

(*Natus parenti redditus.* No. 95.)

THE Son, upon His Father's throne,
Is still your constant friend,
And soon, like fire, upon your hearts,
His Spirit shall descend.

Thus fitted for your heavenly task,
He sends you forth abroad,
To sound the glorious trumpet-note,
And call mankind to God.

'Tis He will fortify your hearts,
Whatever toils betide,
Though dark the way, and rough the path,
With foes on every side.

Though tyrants rage, though sinners scoff,
Their scorn, their threats, how vain
To those, for whom to live is Christ,
For whom to die is gain !

May steadfast faith, may joyful hope,
And never-failing love,
Remove your fears, console your hearts,
And lift your souls above !

To God the Father, God the Son,
Who calls us to the sky,
And to the Holy Ghost, be praise
To all eternity*.

* The feast of St. Philip and St. James always comes between Easter and Whit Sunday ; in the course of those fifty days, during which our Lord, after his rising from the dead, and before his ascension, showed himself to his disciples, and spoke to them of the things appertaining to the kingdom of God. Accordingly, each of these hymns refer to these particular circumstances. The first consoles the disciples under the prospect of their Lord's departure ; the second reminds them of the glorious consequences of his death ; and the third sets forth to them their glorious career, as the publishers of his Gospel all over the world.

ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS.

(Christi, qui sedes Olympo. No. 96.)

O CHRIST, who in heaven
 Hast made thine abode,
 To whom there is given
 Like glory with God,
 Before Thee assemble
 The spirits of light,
 Thou makest them tremble,
 Because of thy might :
 Oh ! may we, combining
 Our own feeble lays,
 Now please thee by joining
 Their chorus of praise.

Among them appeareth
 Thy champion, O Lord,
 The victor that beareth
 The glittering sword :
 The sword that he wielded
 So stoutly in fight,
 When the fierce dragon yielded
 To his greater might :
 Who, when against heaven
 He dared to rebel,
 With his armies was driven
 To nethermost hell.

The chief place thou bearest
The spirits among,
Thou, Michael, fairest
Of all the bright throng :
Round God's seat in glory
Ye all are arrayed,
And ever before ye
His counsels are laid :
The courses of nature
Ye order full well :
Ye bear every creature
To heaven or to hell.

The heirs of salvation
Your succour receive,
And strong consolation,
Whenever they grieve :
When sickness assails us,
Ye save us from fear,
When the breath of life fails us,
Ye still hover near ;
And so when, life ended,
Our spirits take flight,
By you they're attended
To regions of light.

Oh ! let the Creator
Our praises embrace,
The Father of nature,
The Father of grace :
The like adoration
To him be assigned,

Who purchased salvation
And life for mankind :
And let equal praises
The Spirit extol,
Who comforts and raises
And strengthens the soul.

Amen.

ALL SAINTS.

(*Spousa Christi, quæ per orbem.* No. 97.)

SPOUSE of Christ, to whom 'tis given,
For thy Lord to strive and die,
Chant aloud the song of heaven,
Sing the triumph of the sky.

Let this festive day combining
Saints below with saints above,
Hear them all their voices joining,
Fraught with melody and love.

Leader of the ransomed nation,
See the Virgin's holy Son,
Who was slain for our salvation,
Who for us the victory won.

See the ministering spirits,
All the blessed angelic throng,
Praising their Creator's merits
In a never-failing song.

Princes of the host of heaven,
See the twelve the chorus swell,
Who, with power by Jesus given,
Judge the tribes of Israel.

See each life-despising martyr
Holds his blood-stained vest on high,
Who rejoiced his life to barter
For a treasure in the sky.

See the faithful, all collected,
Happy in their blessed abode,
Who the world's vain joys rejected
For their Saviour and their God.

All with joy their voices rearing,
Glory to their God proclaim,
His thrice-mighty power declaring,
Praising his thrice-holy name.

Happy saints, with every blessing,
Every joy your God can give,
Oh! may we, such peace possessing,
Now in holy union live!

May we ever walk before Him
Here on earth in faithful love :
May we see him, and adore Him,
After death in realms above!

Amen.

FOR PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

FOR A MINISTER.

(*Jesu, sacerdotum decus.* No. 98.)

O CHRIST, who art our Pastor's Lord,
His faithful guide, his sure reward,
This day at once commenced shall be
Our prayers for him, his toil for thee.

That he his love to thee may show,
And thy great love to him may know,
Thou hast deputed him to keep
A portion of thine own dear sheep.

'Tis his to know them, and to lead
To pastures where their souls may feed :
'Tis theirs to follow, and receive
The food of life his hands shall give.

'Tis his to search both night and day
For the poor sheep that go astray,
And if he find them, to restore,
That they may go astray no more.

He guards the fold from beasts of prey,
And drives the cruel wolves away :
He loves his sheep, and will not fly,
Prepared to fight, resigned to die.

Oh! may the shepherd and the flock
Secure beneath th' eternal Rock,
Be happy here in faithful love
Until they join the fold above!

FOR A DEPARTED SAINT.

NOCTURN.

(*Summi pusillus grex Patris.* No. 99.)

THOU little flock, whose Shepherd is above,
From sinful fears your wavering mind refrain:
Are ye not now partakers of his love?
Are ye not partners of his future reign?

How many saints, who now surround his throne,
Were once, like you, with cares and sorrows
worn;
Their griefs unnoticed, and their joys unknown,
They dared not murmur, and they would not
mourn.

They bore the cherished burden of the cross,
And thus the strait and narrow way they trod:
Through many a doubtful contest, many a loss,
Still slowly struggling on their way to God.

The inward bursts of passion or of pride,
They sought with prayer and watching to subdue,
With many a comfort, to themselves denied,
The path of indigence they loved to strew.

Their daily banquet was the holy word,
Their chiefest pleasure, and their noblest prize :
And oft on mild devotion's wings they soared,
And held communion with their kindred skies.
This was their path, by which they rose to God,
Eternal Three in One, be ours the same :
May we too come, and join them in the road,
And still *ascending*, praise thy glorious name !

MATINS.

(*Non parva solo sanguine.* No. 100.)

'Tis not the blood-stained vest alone
That makes the Lord's true champions known :
For often 'tis a bloodless strife,
Through which we enter into life.

No lingering cross, no torturing flame,
Procured our saint a hero's name :
But, self-condemned, to sin he died,
To the vain world self-crucified.

He was not called upon to feel
The lash, the dungeon, or the wheel :
A martyr's pains he did not prove,
But he had all a martyr's love.

By faith he quenched his carnal pride,
By faith his flesh he crucified,
And love, descending from the skies,
Consumed his holy sacrifice.

Oh! yes, he ever ready stood,
For Christ to shed his own life-blood ;
But this was not the will of heaven,
His tears alone were asked and given.
May Christ to us such grace supply,
That we through life may learn to die;
And, oh! may we, when life is o'er,
Be raised by him, to die no more!

EVENSONG.

(*Qui te Deus, sub intimo.* No. 101.)

THE man whose heart, most Holy God,
Thou choosest for thine own abode,
For earthly things no longer sighs
To thee,—to heaven his thoughts arise.

But though impatient to be blest,
He must not yet enjoy his rest ;
On earth awhile condemned to rove,
Though longing for his home above.

And thus he comes to love thee more,
To thee his whole affections soar :
He feels his life a weary load,
Because it keeps him from his God.

A little longer he must stay
Within his frail abode of clay :
And, oh! how welcome death will be,
Which summons him to reign with thee !

Eternal Father of the world,
Eternal Son, our glorious Lord,
Eternal Spirit, praise to thee,
Now, and to all eternity.

FOR A YOUNG WOMAN.

(*O Virgo, pectus cui sacrum.* No. 102.)

BLEST child of God, thy hallow'd soul
From earthly ties set free,
Soon felt God's grace a source of love
And holy joy in thee.

Deceitful pleasure ne'er could lead
Thy steadfast steps astray :
For thou wast ever following
Where Jesus led the way.

So soon, so well, thy heart was taught
The Virgin-born to prize,
That thou for him wast well content
Things earthly to despise.

How blest thy lot, to whom, e'en now,
Among God's saints 'tis given,
To listen to their songs of praise,
To see thy Lord in heaven !

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Holy Ghost,
All glory be from saints on earth,
And from the angel-host.

FOR A HOLY WOMAN.

(*Ardet Deo quæ femina.* No. 103.)

THE loving heart, the bounteous hand
In vain would shrink from fame :
The poor around her threshold stand,
And loudly bless her name.

To all the calls of deep distress
Her daily thoughts attend ;
A mother to the motherless,
To friendless maids a friend.

Each child of sorrow she relieves,
She does it, Lord, to thee ;
Herself of comforts she bereaves,
That they supplied may be.

At home with her true peace remains,
And marks her steps abroad,
Thus everywhere she still maintains
The honour of her God.

To the great Father of the Word,
To the co-equal Son,
And Holy Spirit, endless praise
And glory shall be be done.

AT THE DEATH OF A HOLY WOMAN.

(*Oh! Jam beata, quæ suo.* No. 104.)

OH! happy the departed saint,
 From earthly bonds set free,
 At length in chains of endless love
 United, Lord, to thee.

The steps by which she rose on high,
 Are not concealed from you ;
 These steps, ye mothers and ye maids,
 With earnest zeal pursue.

And we, too, will with care observe
 The way that she hath trod,
 For men full well may learn of her
 How they may live to God.

Then kindle in our hearts, O Lord,
 That same celestial fire,
 And with the love that she displayed,
 Do thou our souls inspire.

To the great Father of the Word,
 To the co-equal Son,
 And to the Spirit, endless praise
 And glory shall be done.

DEDICATION OF A CHURCH.

MATINS.

(Urbs Jerusalem beata. No. 105.)

O CITY of our God,
 Jerusalem the blest !
 Thou glorious abode
 Of holy joy and rest ;
 To sing thy praise,
 The angel throng,
 In joyful song,
 Their voices raise.

Thou comest from the sky,
 In robes of royal pride ;
 Thy husband the Most High,
 And thou his chosen bride :
 All shining bright
 With purest gold,
 Thy streets unfold
 A glorious sight.

Thy holy gates are decked
 With pearls of beauty rare,
 And none but God's elect
 Can be admitted there,
 Who undergo
 Sorrow and shame,
 For Jesus' name,
 On earth below.

Thy living stones are they,
By renovating grace
Prepared for Christ to lay
In their appoinied place :
There they will stay,
Honoured and loved,
Ne'er to be moved
From thence away.

Praise to the God of heaven,
Praise to His only Son :
And praise to him be given
Who joins them both in one :
The Holy Dove,
Who makes them meet
For the blest seat
Of God above.

EVENSONG.

(*Angulare fundamentum.* No. 106.)

CHRIST is our corner-stone,
On him alone we build ;
With his true saints alone
The courts of heaven are filled.
On his great love
Our hopes we place
Of present grace
And joys above.

Oh ! then with hymns of praise
These hallowed courts shall ring :
Our voices we will raise
The Three in One to sing,
And thus proclaim
In joyful song,
Both loud and long,
That glorious name.

Here, gracious God, do thou
For evermore draw nigh ;
Accept each faithful prayer,
And mark each suppliant sigh :
In copious shower,
On all who pray,
Each holy day
Thy blessings pour.

Here may we gain from heaven
The grace which we implore,
And may that grace, once given,
Be with us evermore.
Until that day
When all the blest
To endless rest
Are called away.

Praise to the God of heaven,
Praise to his only Son,
And praise to Him be given
Who joins them both in one :

The holy Dove,
Who makes us meet
For the blessed seat
Of God above.

PENITENTIAL HYMN.

(*Dies iræ, dies illa.* No. 107.)

OH, that day of wrath dismaying,
Banner of the cross displaying,
Heaven and earth in ashes laying !

Who shall then refrain from fearing,
When the Judge, in clouds appearing,
Cometh for the awful hearing ?

Hark ! the trump with voice astounding,
Through the hollow graves rebounding,
The tremendous summons sounding !

See the world with terror shaken,
When each creature shall awaken,
That his trial may be taken.

See the book, wherein collected,
Lie the sins of each detected,
With their final doom connected.

See the Judge his sentence giving,
Nothing undiscovered leaving,
All their righteous doom receiving.

What shall I be then replying,
To what friend for succour flying,
When e'en saints for fear are sighing?

Thou, great King of all salvation,
Source of love, and free salvation,
Thou shalt hear my supplication.

Oh ! remember, Lord of heaven,
Thou for me to death was given ;
Shall I then to hell be driven ?

Me with weary steps thou soughtest,
Me with sufferings thou boughtest,
Finish then the work thou wroughtest.

Thou who righteously repayest,
Save me, turn me, while thou mayest,
While my doom thou yet delayest.

Groanings from my heart out-breaking,
Blushes deep my shame bespeaking,
I thy mercy, Lord, am seeking.

Her the sinner thou forgavest,
E'en the dying thief thou savest,
Hope herein for me thou leavest.

Prayer alone cannot retrieve me,
But do thou in love forgive me,
And from endless flames relieve me.

With thy sheep do thou reward me,
On thy right a place afford me,
From the goats in mercy ward me.

When th' accursed, their sentence given
Are to dreadful torments driven.
Place my ransomed soul in heaven.

This I pray, devoutly sighing,
Meekly on thy grace relying,
Leave me not when I am dying.

On that day of wrath appalling,
When, the world around him falling,
Man shall come before thy throne,
Oh! may mercy then be shewn ;
Holy Jesu, Lord, we pray,
May we rest with thee that day.

THE FIRST OF MAY.

(*Te Deum Patrem colimus.* No. 108.)

ALMIGHTY Father, just and good,
We humbly seek thy face :
We praise thee for our daily food,
And for thy gifts of grace.

O Jesu! we thy name adore,
Thou Son of God most high,
Who once for us didst not abhor
Within the womb to lie.

Stretched on the cross, thou once didst bow
 'Neath sin's tremendous load,
And thus, our only Saviour, thou
 Didst bring us back to God.

And thou, blest Spirit, shall be praised,
 Thou Comforter from heaven :
To thee shall joyful songs be raised,
 And endless thanks be given.

Triune Jehovah ! all unite,
 Here and in realms above,
To celebrate thy matchless might,
 And thine eternal love.

HYMNS FOR THE HOLY COMMUNION.

HYMN I.

My God, and is thy table spread,
 And doth thy cup with love o'erflow?
 Thither be all thy children led,
 And let them all thy sweetness know.

Hail! sacred feast, which Jesus makes,
 Rich banquet of his flesh and blood,
 Thrice happy he, who here partakes
 That sacred stream, that heavenly food.

Why are its dainties all in vain
 Before unwilling hearts displayed?
 Was not for you the victim slain,
 Are you forbid the children's bread?

Oh, let thy table honoured be,
 And furnished well with joyful guests;
 And may each soul salvation see,
 That here its sacred pledges tastes!

Let crowds approach, with hearts prepared,
 With hearts inflamed, let all attend:
 Nor when we leave our Father's board,
 The pleasure or the profit end.

Revive thy dying churches, Lord,
And bid our drooping graces live ;
And more, that energy afford
A Saviour's blood alone can give.

HYMN II.

THOU, God, all glory, honour, power,
Art worthy to receive ;
For all things by thy power were made,
And by thy bounty live.

And worthy is the Lamb, all power,
Honour and wealth to gain,
Glory and strength ; who for our sins
A sacrifice was slain.

All worthy Thou, who hast redeemed
And ransomed us to God ;
From every nation, every coast,
By thy most precious blood.

Blessing and honour, glory, power,
By all in earth and heaven,
To Him that sits upon the throne,
And to the Lamb, be given.

HYMN III.

ALL ye, who faithful servants are
Of our Almighty King,
Both high and low, and small and great,
His praise devoutly sing.

Let us rejoice and render thanks
To his most holy name ;
Rejoice, rejoice, for now is come
The marriage of the Lamb.

His bride herself hath ready made,
How pure and white her dress !
Which is her saints' integrity,
And spotless holiness.

Oh ! therefore blessed is every one,
Who to the marriage feast,
And holy supper of the Lamb,
Is made a welcome guest.

LAMENTATION OF A SINNER.

O LORD, turn not thy face away
From him that lies prostrate,
Lamenting sore his sinful life,
Before thy mercy-gate.

Which thou dost open wide to those
Who do lament their sin :
Oh! shut it not against me, Lord,
But let me enter in.

Call me not to a strict account,
How I have lived here ;
For then I know right well, O Lord,
How vile I shall appear.

I need not to confess my life,
For surely thou canst tell
What I have been : and what I am
Thou knowest very well.

O Lord, I need not to repeat
What I do beg and crave,
For thou dost know before I ask,
The thing that I would have ;

Mercy, good Lord, mercy I ask,
This is the total sum :
For mercy, Lord, is all my suit,
Oh, let thy mercy come.

ANOTHER,

O LORD, in Thee is all my trust,
Give ear unto my woful cry,
Refuse not me that am unjust,
But, bowing down thy heavenly eye,

Behold how I do still lament
My sins, wherein I do offend :
O Lord, for them shall I be shent,
Since thee to please I do intend?

Oh, no, not so thy will is bent,
To deal with sinners in thine ire,
But when in heart they shall repent,
Thou grantest that which they desire ;
To thee, therefore, I still shall cry,
To wash away my sinful crime :
Thy blood, O Lord, is not yet dry,
But that it may give help in time.

Haste thee, O Lord, haste thee, I say,
To pour on me the gifts of grace :
That when this life shall fleet away,
In heaven with Thee I may have place :
Where thou dost reign eternally
With God, our Saviour and our friend,
Where angels sing continually
“ Be praise to Thee, world without end.”

HYMN BEFORE SERMON.

COME, Holy Spirit, God of might,
The Comforter of all,
Teach us to know thy word aright,
That we may never fall.

O Lord, that givest thy holy word,
Send preachers plenteously :
That in the same we may accord,
And therein live and die.

Depart not from thy pastors pure,
But aid them at their need,
Who break to us the bread of life,
Whereon our souls do feed.

O God of truth, maintain thy church
In peace and unity :
Keep us from sects and errors all,
And from all heresy.

Convert all those that are thy foes,
And bring them to thy light,
That they and we may well agree,
And praise thee day and night.

In our time give thy peace, O Lord,
To nations far and nigh :
And teach them all thy word, that they
May sing to thee most high.

Amen.

HYMNI ECCLESIASTICI.

HYMNUS 1.

DIE, dierum principe
Lux e tenebris eruta :
Christus, sepulcri carcere
Lux vera mundi prodiit.

Et mors, et horrendum Chaos,
Vocem jubentis audiunt :
Nos surdiores, Oh pudor,
Deo pigebit obsequi ?

Umbris sepulta dum jacet
Natura, lucis filii
Surgamus et noctem piis
Exerceamus canticis.

Cœlestis abrumpat tuba
Cordis soporem languidi,
Novique mores exprimant
Vitam resurgentis novam.

Hoc consequemur, Te duce
Fons caritatis, Oh Deus,
Qui legis addis literæ
Vitæ datorem Spiritum.

Sit laus Patri, laus Filio,
Par sit tibi laus, Spiritus,
Afflante quo mentes sacris
Lucent et ardent ignibus.

HYMNUS 2.

Ad templa nos rursus vocat
Surgentis auroræ nitor:
Novasque pro læto monet
Referre grates munere.

At victor auroram suo
Fulgore Christus obruit;
Huic, magna cujus pars sumus,
Juvat triumpho plaudere.

Quod evolutus fasciis
Repente mundus extitit,
Puro renidens lumine,
Virtutis hoc quantæ fuit!

Quod traditum neci Pater
Ut sontibus vitam daret
Vitæ redonat Filium,
Amoris hoc quanti fuit!

Æternus ut rerum Sator
Aspexit orbem, protinus
Colore depictum suo
Probavit excellens opus.

At lætius quanto obtulit
Sese Patri spectaculum,
Cœlestis Agni candido
Ablutus orbis sanguine.

Cum luce nobis redditur
Mundi renascentis decor ;
Occulta per quem numinis
Mens surgit ad magnalia.

At splendor æterni Patris
Lumenque Christus cordium,
Deum dat in se, quantus est,
Sub nube carnis cernere.

Præsta, beata Trinitas,
Ut legis ad facem tuæ
Vitemus omne quod vetas,
Sectemur omne quod jubes.

HYMNUS 3.

JAM lucis orto sidere
Deum precemur supplices,
Nostras ut ipse dirigat
Lux increata semitas.

Nil lingua, nil peccet manus,
Nil mens inane cogitet :
In ore simplex veritas,
In corde regnet caritas.

Incepta dum fluet dies
Oh Christe, custos pervigil,
Quas sævus hostis obsidet
Portas tuere sensuum.

Præsta diurnus ut tuæ
Subserviat laudi labor:
Auctore quæ te cœpimus
Da, te favente, prosequi.

Superba ne nimis caro
Mente licenter imperet,
Carnis domet superbiam
Potûs cibique parcitas.

Deo Patri sit gloria,
Ejusque soli Filio,
Sancto simul cum Spiritu
Nunc et per omne seculum.

HYMNUS 4.

OH Fons Amoris, Spiritus,
Oh sancte donorum Parens,
Tuas refusus intimis
Accende flammæ cordibus.

Qui caritatis vinculo
Cum Patre nectis Filium,
Et nos amoris mutui
Arctis coapta nexibus.

Deo Patri sit gloria,
Ejusque soli Filio,
Sancto simul cum Spiritu
Nunc et per omne seculum.

HYMNUS 5.

NUNC sancte nobis Spiritus
Unum Patri cum Filio,
Dignare promptus ingeri
Nostro refusus pectori.

Os, lingua, mens, sensus, vigor,
Confessionem personent:
Flammescat igne caritas,
Accendat ardor proximos.

Præsta, Pater piissime,
Patrique compar unice,
Cum Spiritu Paraclito,
Regnans per omne seculum.

HYMNUS 6.

JAM solis excelsum Jubar
Toto coruscat lumine:
Sinusque pandens aureos
Ignita vibrat spicula.

Tu Christe qui mundum novâ
Sol verus, accendis face,
Fac nostra plenam caritas
Crescendo surgat ad diem.

Deo Patri sit gloria,
Ejusque soli Filio,
Sancto simul cum Spiritu
Nunc et per omne seculum.

HYMNUS 7.

RECTOR potens, verax Deus,
Qui temperas rerum vices,
Splendore mane illuminans,
Et ignibus meridiem :

Extingue flammâs litium,
Aufer calorem noxium,
Confer salutem corporum,
Veramque pacem cordium.

Præsta, Pater piissime
Patrique compar unice,
Cum Spiritu Paraclito
Regnans per omne seculum.

HYMNUS 8.

LABENTE jam solis rotâ,
Inclinat in noctem dies ;
Sic vita supremam cito
Festinat ad metam gradu.

Oh Christe, dum fixus cruci
Expandis orbi brachia,
Amare da crucem ; tuo
Da nos in amplexu mori.

Deo Patri sit gloria
Ejusque soli Filio,
Sancto simul cum Spiritu
Nunc et per omne seculum.

HYMNUS 9.

RERUM Deus tenax vigor,
Immotus in te permanens,
Lucis diurnæ tempora
Successibus determinans.

Largire lumen vespere
Quo vita nusquam decadat,
Sed præmium mortis sacræ
Perennis instet gloria.

Præsta, Pater piissime,
Patrique compar Unice,
Cum Spiritu Paraclito
Regnans per omne seculum.

HYMNUS 10.

Oh! luce qui mortalibus
Lates inaccessâ, Deus,
Præsente quo sancti tremunt
Nubuntque vultus Angeli.

Hic, ceu profundâ conditi
Demergemur caligine:
Æternus at noctem suo
Fulgore depellet dies.

Hunc nempe nobis præparas,
Nobis reservas hunc diem:
Quem vix adumbrat splendida
Flammantis astri claritas.

Moraris heu nimis diu,
Moraris optatus dies:
Ut te fruamur, noxii
Linguenda moles corporis.

His cum soluta vinculis
Mens evolarit, Oh Deus,
Videre te, laudare te,
Amare te, non desinet.

Ad omne nos apta bonum
Fœcunda donis Trinitas!
Fac lucis usuræ brevi
Æterna succedat dies.

HYMNUS 11.

LUCIS Creator optime
Lucem dierum proferens,
Primordiis lucis novæ
Mundi parans originem:

Qui mane junctum vesperi
Diem vocari præcipis;—
Tetrum Chaos illabitur;
Audi preces cum fletibus.

Ne mens gravata crimine
Vitæ sit exul munere,
Dum nil perenne cogitat,
Seseque culpis illigat.

Cœlorum pulset ostium;
Vitale tollat præmium:
Vitemus omne noxium:
Purgemus omne pessimum.

Præsta, Pater piissime,
Patrique compar unice,
Cum Spiritu Paraclito
Regnans per omne seculum.

HYMNUS 12.

IN noctis umbrâ desides
Dum somnus artus occupat,
Ad te, Deus, fidelibus
Mens excubat suspiriis.

Desiderate gentibus,
Verbum Patris, mundi salus,
Audi preces gementium,
Tandemque lapsos excita.

Adsis, Redemptor, et tuæ
Plebis relaxans crimina,
Adæ scelus quas clauserat,
Recluide cœlestes domos.

Qui liberator advenis,
Fili, tibi laus maxima,
Cum Patre, cumque Spiritu,
In sempiterna secula.

HYMNUS 13.

MUNDI salus qui nasceris
Jesu puer, nos respice;
Da moribus castis tuam
Referre nos infantiam.

Fessos diurno dum levat
Labore nocturnus sopor,
Defende, Pastor, bestiis
Tuas ab infestis oves.

Qui natus es de Virgine
Jesu, tibi sit gloria,
Cum Patre, cumque Spiritu,
In sempiterna secula.

HYMNUS 14.

GRATES peracto jam die
Deus, tibi persolvimus:
Pronoque dum nox incipit,
Prosternimus vultu preces.

Quod longa peccavit dies,
Amarus expiet dolor:
Somno gravatis ne nova
Infligat hostis vulnera.

Infestus usque circuit
Quærens leo quem devoret:
Umbrâ sub alarum tuarum
Defende filios, Pater.

Oh! quando lucescet tuus
Qui nescit occasum dies;
Oh! quando sancta se dabit
Quæ nescit hostem, patria?

Deo Patri sit gloria,
Ejusque soli Filio,
Sancto simul cum Spiritu,
Nunc et per omne seculum.

HYMNUS 15.

OH Splendor æterni Patris,
Tu Christe, qui verus dies,
Et vera lux de lumine
Mentis fugas caliginem :

En solis abscessit jubar,
Noctisque succedunt vices :
Qui prosperum donas diem,
Da tuta noctis otia.

Si clausa torpent lumina,
Suspiret ad te mens vigil,
Potente qui te diligunt
Servos tuere dexterâ.

Tu quos molesti corporis
Gravis retardat sarcina,
Fac mentis alis libero
Sursûm volatu tendere.

O spes salutis unica
Votis adesto supplicum ;
Defende quos mercatus es
Mercede fusi sanguinis.

Deo Patri sit gloria,
Ejusque soli Filio,
Sancto simul cum Spiritu,
Nunc et per omne seculum.

HYMNUS 16.

Jesu, redemptor seculi,
Qui tertio post funera
Redux ab inferis die
Mortem resurgendo necas ;

Nox atra jam terras premet,
Mergetque somno lumina :
Hostis furorem perfidi
Artesque cæcas disjice.

Ut justa dum curas levat
Et corpus instaurat quies,
Sic membra somnus occupet
Ne corda torpor opprimat.

Da, Christe, nos tecum mori,
Tecumque da resurgere :
Terrena da contemnere,
Amare da cœlestia.

Sit laus Patri, laus Filio,
Qui nos, triumphatâ nece,
Ad astra secum dux vocat,
Compar tibi laus, Spiritus.

HYMNUS 17.

DEI canamus gloriam,
Cœlum secundo qui die
Expandit, admirabile
Mortalibus spectaculum.

Poli stupemus alveo
Stagnare pensiles lacus:
Hinc imbre terras fertili
Cœlestis irrorat Pater.

Quam præparas nobis, Deus
Hæc est imago gratiæ:
Hæc rore stillans uberi
Cordis penetrat intima.

Hanc qui fideli combibunt
Aquam salubrem pectore,
In his ad æternas domos
Miro resultat impetu.

Beata gens, quam prodigâ
Ditare non cessas manu!
Amoris hæc memor tui,
Amoris et reddat vices.

Deo Patri sit gloria
Ejusque soli Filio,
Sancto simul cum Spiritu
In sempiterna secula.

HYMNUS 18.

NIL laudibus nostris eges,
Sed filios amas, Pater,
Multaque cœlestem prece
Vis provocari gratiam.

Tui profunda consilii
Noctis canat silentium ;
Tuæ jubar clementiæ
Splendor diei prædicat.

Tantis minor miraculis
Mens obstupet, vox deficit :
Tacere sed totis nequit
Amor medullis æstuans.

Erumpat ergo : te memor !
Clamet parentem, qui mala
Præsentis ævi mitigas,
Spondes futuri præmia.

Huc vota tendunt cordium,
Infirma sed tardat caro :
Quæ ducit ad te, da sequi
Dux ipse Jesu, semitam.

HYMNUS 19.

JACTAMUR heu quot fluctibus!
Spes una de cœlo nitet:
Illuc et ora tollimus,
Et mittimus suspiria.

Tu vota præcurris, Pater,
Magnamque protendis manum:
Jam fulta tanto robore
Surgit potens infirmitas.

Quæ sæva nos premunt mala
Vincēs, malis potentior:
Te nostra duræ sentiet
Mens servitutis vindicem.

Felix labor quem recreas
Tam splendidâ rerum vice:
Fletu quis æternam brevi
Neget pacisci gloriam?

Sit laus Patri: laus Filio,
Utrumque qui nectis, Deus
Utrique compar, sit tibi
Laus sempiternus, Spiritus.

HYMNUS 20.

JUBES, et in præceps aquis
Repente confluentibus,
Prodit sub auras humidis
Exuta velis arida.

Hanc tu colendam qui tuis
Pater, dedisti filiis,
Quos unus orbis continet,
Fac una jungat caritas.

Nunc exulamus; sed tuam
Mox congregabis in domum
Te Patre dignos, qui pio
Amore fratres vixerint.

At qui malignis artibus
Linguisque lædunt proximum,
A te repelles: hoc genus
Cœlestis aula non capit.

Adoptionem nos tamen
Efflagitamus integram,
Cui nos sacro Spiritus
Prædestinavit pignore.

Æterna laus et gloria
Uni sit et trino Deo,
Diffusa per quem cordibus
Fraterna regnat caritas.

HYMNUS 21.

TE principem summo, Deus,
Jubes Amore diligi:
Tibi secundum protinus
Jubes amari proximum.

Amore fundatam tuo
Communionem respice;
Quâ corpus unum plurimi
Unum cor, una mens sumus.

Illam fides et veritas
Amabili stipant choro;
Obliquus hinc livor procul
Et litis ardor exulant.

Tu pacis auctor, mutuos
Astringe nexus: da, Pater,
Gaudere fratrum gaudiis
Da condolere fletibus.

Æterna laus et gloria
Uni sit et trino Deo,
Qui moris unius sacrâ
Nos pacis in domo locat.

HYMNUS 22.

OH, quam juvat fratres, Deus,
Unum quibus Christus caput
Vitale robur sufficit,
Uno moveri spiritu!

Quàm dulce laudes dicere
Unâ tibi cunctos domo,
Precumque ceu factâ manu
Inferre vim gratam tibi!

Hanc quisque diligat domum,
Hanc pace concors recreet:
Væ dira qui spargit mala
Dissensionum semina!

Sed damna cedunt in lucrum
Te, Christe, diligentibus;
Augent coronas praelia,
Prosuntque, dum nocent, mali.

Præsta, beata Trinitas,
Ut caritate mutuâ
Prosimus alter alteri,
Regnemus et polo simul.

HYMNUS 23.

MIRAMUR, Oh Deus, tuæ
Recens opus potentiæ,
Quæ scripta scintillantibus
Refulget astrorum globis.

Ut sol diei, candida
Sic luna nocti præsidet:
Exercitu totum novo
Discriminant stellæ polum.

At ipse, cœlorum decus,
Sol novit occasus suos,
Sunt certa lunæ tempora
Statique lapsus siderum.

Jugi rotata turbine
Furantur et reddunt diem:
Tu semper idem, nescius
Mortalium spem fallere.

Turbata quid mens fluctuat?
Curâ paternâ nos regis:
Æterna sit cordi salus;
Æterna nos salus manet.

Suprema laus et gloria
Uni sit et trino Deo,
Suo reponi qui jubet
Curas et angores sinu.

HYMNUS 24.

PROMITTIS, et servas datam
Immobilis fidem, Deus :
Hanc mane primo sedulâ
Reposcimus fidem prece.

Promittit atque decipit
Incertus et fallax homo :
Sic quassa, si incumbas super,
Arundo transfigat manum.

Beatus ergo, qui tuo
Se totus abdit in sinu :
Hâc arce tutum turbinis
Vis nulla de statu quatit.

Ne cor vacillet, obligas
Temet sacramento, Deus :
Spes nixa tanto pignore
Æterna jam prensat bona.

Jam mente præsumens polum
Secura sublimi throno
Assistit, et celestium
Prælibat undas fluminum.

Fons Oh perennis gratiæ
Colenda semper Trinitas,
Te spem salutis unicam
Da mente totâ quærere.

HYMNUS 25.

HORRES superbos, nec tuam
Das alteri laudem, Deus :
Humana nil isthinc sibi
Decerpat arrogantia.

Ingrata quippe mens tuæ
Fluenta sistit gratiæ,
Tristique marcescit statim
Ceum gramen exustum siti.

Ut servus in manus heri
Intenta figit lumina,
Sic ora sacris montibus
Non dimovemus anxii.

Desideratam si dare
Opem moraris, spes tamen
Tenacis instar anchoræ
Immota fundat pectora.

Sit summa Patri gloria,
Sit summa Nato, qui dedit
Nobis futuræ Spiritum
Hereditatis obsidem.

HYMNUS 26.

ISDEM creati fluctibus
Pisces natant, volant aves:
Utrumque mortali genus
Paratur esca corpori.

Menti sed æterna cibus
Paratur alter: hæc Dei
Sermone vivit: hanc fovet
Cœlestis et nutrit fides.

Quæsita Christi sanguine
Manavit in terras fides,
Et impiarum pectora
Victrix subegit gentium.

Sancti leonum per fidem
Mulsero rugitus: truces
Fregero regnantûm minas,
Risere stridentes rogos.

Hâc luce signatum, Deus
Calcere dona tramitem,
Et caritatis uberes
Fructus eundo carpere.

Deo Patri sit gloria,
Ejusque soli Filio,
Sancto simul cum Spiritu
Nunc et per omne seculum.

HYMNUS 27.

DIGNAS quis, O Deus, tibi
Laudes rependat, qui tuo
Pelles tenebras mentium,
Salutis et monstras viam.

Tu quam jubes, donas fidem:
Hæc cultui præest tuo:
Hæc mentis errores fugat.
Hæc corda sursum dirigit.

Te destituta spiritu
Nil pompa sacrorum juvat:
Secreta puri blandiùs
Tibi litabunt pectoris.

Vox inde cordi consona
Vectigal exsolvat suum,
Et ad salutem libero
Prometur ore veritas.

Oh! qui superbos respuis,
Et simplices amas, Deus,
Ut crescat in nobis fides
Cordis tumorem comprime.

Sit summa Patri gloria,
Sit Summa Nato, qui fidem
Cruore fundavit suo:
Par sit tibi laus, Spiritus.

HYMNUS 28.

OH! fortis, oh! clemens Deus,
Salutis auctor, tu fidem
Nostris potenter insere
Germen salutis, cordibus.

Hinc omne robur ducimus;
Hæc arma nobis; hôc manus
Protecta scuto flammea
Retundet hostis spicula.

Hinc fundimus preces tibi
Sacri sub umbrâ nominis
Quo nititur spes omnium
Uno salutis pignore.

Placatus illo nomine
Labantibus feres opem
Dabisque sanctam degener
Ne vita deturpet fidem.

Sit laus Patri, laus Filio,
Par sit tibi laus, Spiritus:
Infusa per quem cordibus,
Relucet imis veritas.

HYMNUS 29.

JAM sanctius moves opus,
Tecum, Deus, deliberans:
Mundo recenti Principem,
Tibique præconem paras.

Homo creatur: hunc sacro
Cœlestis oris habitu
Succendis, et vivam tui
Spirare das imaginem.

Ergo per omnes æquoris
Telluris omnes et sinus
Regnabit; at memor sui
Deo minorem se gerat.

Heu cœca cordis pravitas!
Jugum rebellis excutit:
Deo superbus nec timet
Æquare pulvis verticem.

Hinc quanta luctuum cohors
Incumbit orbi perduto!
Oh Christe, ni feras opem
Spes ipsa sontes deseret.

Qui nos creavit, laus Patri:
Qui nos redemit, Filio;
Cujus movemur habitu
Par sit tibi laus, Spiritus.

HYMNUS 30.

ULTRICIBUS nos undique
Dum saucias telis, Deus,
Quis ferre te præter, queat
Mœrentibus solatium?

Mundus facessat: nil opis
Favore præstat futili
Fallacibus quin asperat
Alitque fomentis malum.

Flagella nos terrent tua,
Non illa spem demunt tamen:
Quæ ferre nos jubes, Pater,
Fiunt medela vulnerum.

Quid ergo cessas? ingruunt
Intus forisque prælia:
Hostine præda mens erit
Christi redempta sanguine?

Audis precantes, anxie
Spes blanda jam menti reddit:
Oh Christe, tetros mors tua
Mortis pavores discutit.

Sit Trinitati gloria
Quæ sic flagellis quos amat
Exercet, ut clementiæ
Rursùm recordetur suæ.

HYMNUS 31.

LUGETE, pacis angeli,
Mortalis en ultro Deus,
Culpæ gerens imaginem
Pœnam nocentûm sustinet.

Amoris Oh, Miraculum !
Oh, cordis humani stupor !
Insons Deus neci datur :
Pigebit et sontes pati ?

Nos sempiternis crux tua
Oh Christe, flammis eruit :
Hic ure vindex, hinc seca,
Parcas in æternum modo.

Caro reclamationem : sed Patris
Urget voluntas ; nos tuâ
Virtute da fortes sequi
Jesu, quod exemplo doces.

Livore sanatos tuo
Tuoque lotos sanguine
Peccando ne novam sinas
Parare nos tibi crucem.

Qui Filium tradit, Patri,
Natoque sit laus victimæ :
Par sit tibi laus, qui sacram
Succendis aram, Spiritus.

HYMNUS 32.

TANDEM peractis, oh Deus!
Sexto dierum limite,
Ponis modum laboribus,
Orbique plaudis condito.

At dum perenni septimam
Lucem quieti consecras,
En te reposcit denuo
Novus creatorem labor.

Te cuncta nempe prædicant;
Te terra, pontus, sidera,
Cantu celebrant æmulo:
Peccator unus dissonat.

Tu pectus aufer saxeum,
Tu carneum pectus crea:
Et caritatis uberes
Fructus canent hymnum tibi.

Hæc te juvant præconia,
Si facta voci consonent:
Sic efficaci flectitur
Divina majestas prece

Æterna laus et gloria
Uni sit et trino Deo:
Qui cuncta nutu condidit,
Nutuque servat condita.

HYMNUS 33.

RERUM Creator omnium,
Nostros labores adjuva :
Ut casta Christi nomine
Nos vita dignos arguet.

Tu nempe sanctus et potens,
Placere das solus tibi :
Tu legis auctor das sequi
Quod lege præmonstras iter.

Cingunt iter pericula,
Tu lubricos firma pedes ;
Et certiore fervidi.
Pergemus ad metam gradu.

Oh ! meta felix, pax ubi
Et vera nos manet quies :
Ubi voluptatis sacro
Torrente potabis tuos.

Te mens, Oh alma Trinitas,
Anhelat ardens, te sitit :
Tua redemptis gratiâ
Æterna redde præmia.

HYMNUS 34.

SUPREME motor cordium,
Tu sanctitatis frugibus
Justos ab orbe condito
Tenore ditas petiti.

Hic spes fides et caritas
Dulci cohærent vinculo :
Præsentis ævi post diem
Manebit una caritas.

Oh caritas ! oh veritas !
Oh lux perennis ! en erit
Post tot labores, ut tuo
Tandem fruamur Sabbato ?

Hic mille per discrimina
Semen gementes spargimus :
Illic ovante splendidam
Gestabimus messem manu.

Tu trine, tu Potens Deus,
Fructus adauge quos petis :
Mox dona, justus arbiter
Cælo coronabis tua.

HYMNUS 35.

SPLENDOR paternæ gloriæ,
De luce lucem proferens,
Lux lucis, et fons luminis,
Diem dies illuminans :

Verusque Sol illabere,
Micans nitore perpeti,
Jubarque Sancti Spiritus
Infunde nostris sensibus.

Votis vocemus et Patrem,
Patrem perennis gloriæ,
Patrem potentis gratiæ,
Culpam releget lubricam.

Confirmet actus strenuos
Dentem retundat invidi,
Casus secundet asperos,
Donet gerendi gratiam.

Mentem gubernet et regat,
Castos fideli corpore,
Fides calore ferveat,
Fraudis venena nesciat.

Christusque nobis sit cibus,
Potusque noster sit fides,
Læti bibamus sobriam
Ebrietatem Spiritûs.

Lætus dies hic transeat,
Pudor sit ut diluculum,
Fides velut meridiës,
Crepusculum mens nesciat.

Aurora cursus provehit,
Aurora totus prodeat:
In Patre totus Filius,
Et totus in Verbo Pater.

HYMNUS 36.

INSTANTIS adventum Deï
Poscamus ardenti prece,
Festisque munus inclytum
Præoccupemus canticis.

Æterna proles fœminæ
Non horret includi sinu;
Fit ipse servus, ut jugo
Nos servitutis eximat.

Mansuetus et clemens venit:
Occurre, festina, Zion,
Ultrò tibi quam porrigit
Ne dura pacem respuas.

Mox nube clarâ fulgurans
Mundi redibit arbiter,
Suique membra corporis
Cœlo triumphator vehet.

Fœtus tenebrarum die
Cedant propinquo crimina :
Adam reformetur vetus,
Imago succedat novi.

Qui liberator advenis
Fili, tibi laus maxima
Cum Patre et almo Spiritu,
In sempiterna secula.

HYMNUS 37.

JORDANIS oras prævia
Vox ecce Baptistæ quatit :
Præconis ad grandes sonos
Ignavus abscedat sopor.

Auctoris adventum sui
Tellus et æther et mare
Prægestiente sentiunt
Et jam salutant gaudio.

Mundemus et nos pectora :
Deo propinquanti viam
Sternamus et dignam domum
Tanto paremus hospiti.

Tu nostra, tu, Jesu salus,
Tu robur et solatium,
Arens ut herba, te sine
Mortale tabescit genus.

Ægris salutare marum
Extende; prostratos leva:
Ostende vultum, jam suus
Mundo reflorescet decor.

Qui liberator advenis
Fili, tibi laus maxima,
Cum Patre et almo Spiritu,
In sempiterna secula.

HYMNUS 38.

STATUTA decreto Dei
Tandem propinquant tempora:
Emptus tot annorum morâ
Affulget è cœlo dies.

Patris nefando crimine
Protes jacebat saucia
In mortis umbrâ conditum
Sedebat humanum genus.

Heu quis ruinæ tam gravis
Sarcire damna, quæ manus
Afferre tam gravi queat
Parem medelam vulneri.

Tu Christe, tu solus tuo
Delapsus è throno Deus
Imagini potes tuæ
Formam decusque reddere.

Rorate, Cœli, desuper,
Justumque fecundo sinu
Complexa tellus, perditio
Orbi salutem germinet.

Sit sempiterna laus tibi,
Verbum Patris factum caro,
Cum Patre, cumque Spiritu,
Nunc et per omne seculum.

HYMNUS 39.

VERBUM supernum prodiens,
E Patris exiens sinu,
Qui natus orbi subvenis,
Labente cursu temporis:

Illumina nunc pectora,
Tuoque amore concrema;
Ut cor vacans inanibus
Cœli voluptas impleat;

Ut cùm Tribunal judicis
Damnabit igni noxios,
Et vox amica debitum
Vocabit ad cœlum pios,

Non esca flammarum nigros
Volvamur inter turbines,
Vultu Dei sed compotes
Cœli fruamur gaudiis.

Patri, simulque Filio
Tibique, Sancte Spiritus,
Sicut fuit, sit jugiter
Seclum per omne gloria.

HYMNUS 40.

MISSUM Redemptorem polo,
Novumque totus, quâ patet,
Adoret orbis principem
Natum Mariâ virgine.

Quod ante mundi tempora
Verbum Patris prodit sinu,
Obnoxius nunc tempori
Mortalis infans nascitur.

Fœno cubare sustinet,
Præsepe non horret Deus,
Et indiget lactis cibo
Cibus perennis Cœlitum.

Quæ cardines mundi rotant
Manus ligantur fasciis;
Imbellis et plorans jacet,
Ut nos jacentes erigat.

Judex futurus seculi,
Nunc blandus ad cunas vocat:
Amore tanto, mutui
Amoris exposcit vices.

Qui natus es de Virgine,
Jesu, tibi sit gloria,
Cum Patre, cumque Spiritu,
In sempiterna secula.

HYMNUS 41.

JAM desinant suspiria ;
Audivit ex alto Deus,
Cœli patescunt ; en adest
Promissa pax mortalibus.

Profunda noctis otia
Cœlestis abrumpit chorus,
Natumque festo carmine
Annunciat terris Deum.

Specum sacratam pervigil
Dum turba pastorum subit,
Eamus, et castis pia
Cunis feramus oscula.

At quale nobis panditur
Intrantibus spectaculum ;
Præsepe, fœnum, fasciæ,
Parens inops, infans puer.

Tune ille, Christe, Filius,
Et splendor æterni Patris ?
Illumne cerno, qui levi
Orbem pugillo sustinet ?

Sic est: verenda queis lates
Fides penetrat nubila:
Agnosco quem proni vident
Tremunt, adorant angeli.

Agis magistrum vel jacens,
Ex hâc cathedrâ nos docens
Vitare quod carni placet,
Caro quod horret, perpeti.

Castos amores nutriens,
Sanans tumentes spiritus,
Divine nostris, O Puer,
Præcordiis innascere.

HYMNUS 42.

ADESTE fideles, læti triumphantes,
Venite, Venite in Bethlehem:
Natum videte, Regem Angelorum,
Venite, adoremus Domino.

Deum de Deo, lumen de lumine,
Gestant puellæ viscera;
Deum verum, genitum non factum,
Venite, adoremus Domino.

Cantet nunc Io, chorus Angelorum,
Cantet nunc aula Cœlitum:
Gloria in excelsis Deo, venite,
Venite, adoremus Domino.

Ergo qui natus die hodiernâ
Jesu, tibi sit gloria :
Patris æterni verbum caro factum :
Venite, adoremus Domino.

HYMNUS 43.

JESU, redemptor omnium,
Summi Parentis unice,
Qui solus ante secula
Patri Deo par nasceris.

Tu nostra pax et gloria,
Spes una tu mortalium ;
Intende quas tibi preces
De cordis arâ fundimus.

Qui corporis nostri volens
Nascendo formam suscipis
Divinitatis nos simul
Das esse consortes tuæ.

Ad illud evectos decus
Tuere fratres, degener
Ne vita sontes pristinam
In vilitatem deprimat.

Nunc ergo terra, nunc polus
Vastique tractus æquoris
Qui te dedit festis Patrem
Laudare certent canticis.

Et nos perennis oh quibus
Salutis auctor nasceris,
Faustum triumphali juvat
Ornare concentu Diem.

Qui natus es de Virgine
Jesu, tibi sit gloria,
Cum Patre, cumque Spiritu,
In sempiterna secula.

HYMNUS 44.

QUID, obstinata pectora,
Verbo Dei resistitis?
Qui vos Deo plenus docet
Hunc destinatis funeri.

Omnes in unum sæviunt,
Saxis gravant truces manus,
Hunc particeps Saulus necis
Per omnium dextras petit.

Quid hoc! repente panditur
Stellata Coeli Regia,
Ad dexteram Patris videt
Sublime stantem Filium.

Non deseris, Dux, Militem,
Quem, Christe, spectans roboras:
Stas arbiter certaminis,
Futurus ipse præmium.

Deo mori sub iudice
Pugnantis est victoria:
Dum grando saxorum pluit,
Nil sentit affixus polo.

Mens nempe largo vividæ
Torrente lucis ebria,
Nil corporis memor sui
Jam se beatis inserit.

Qui natus es de Virgine,
Jesu, tibi sit gloria,
Cum Patre, cumque Spiritu,
In sempiterna secula.

HYMNUS 45.

Jussu Tyranni pro fide
Pulsus, Johannes, exulas:
Fertur volatu libero
Mens celsa supra sidera.

Illic revelat se tibi
Qui mortuus vivit Deus;
Agnus salutis hostia,
Et morte devictâ Leo.

Arcana te vatem docet
Regni sui mysteria,
Pandit cruore martyrum
Ubique spargendam fidem.

Da, Christe, nos tecum mori,
Tecum simul da surgere :
Terrena da contemnere,
Amare da celestia.

Sit laus Patri, laus Filio,
Qui nos, triumphatâ nece,
Ad astra secum dux vocat,
Compar tibi laus, Spiritus.

HYMNUS 46.

SALVETE, flores Martyrum,
In lucis ipso lumine
Quos sævus ensis messuit,
Ceum turbo nascentes rosas.

Vos prima Christi victima,
Grex immolatorum tener,
Aram sub ipsam simplices
Palmâ et coronis luditis.

Quid proficit tantum nefas?
Quid crimen Herodem juvat?
Unus tot inter funera
Impune Christus tollitur.

Inter coævi sanguinis
Fluenta solus integer,
Ferrum quod orbatat nurus
Partus fefellit virginis.

Qui natus es de Virgine
Jesu, tibi sit gloria,
Cum Patre, cumque Spiritu,
In sempiterna secula.

HYMNUS 47.

MOLLES in agnos ceu lupus,
Amens Tyrannus irruit;
Et destinat promiscuâ
In strage Christum perdere.

Cunæ redundant sanguine
Sed in Deum frustra furit:
Unum petit tot mortibus
Mortes tot unus effugit.

Matres, querelis parcite:
Quid rapta fletis pignora?
Agnum salutis obsidem
Denso sequuntur agmine.

Qui natus es de Virgine
Jesu, tibi sit gloria,
Cum Patre, cumque Spiritu,
In sempiterna secula.

HYMNUS 48.

FELIX dies, quam proprio
Jesu cruore consecrat!
Felix dies, quâ gestiit
Opus salutis aggredi.

Vix natus ecce lacteum
Profundit infans sanguinem:
Libamen est hoc funeris,
Amoris hoc præludium.

Intrans in orbem, jam Patris
Mandata jussus exsequi,
Statum præoccupat diem,
Et quâ potest, fit Victima.

Quo Christus ictu læditur,
Lex abrogata concidit:
Et incipit lex sanctior,
Mansura semper caritas.

Tu Christe, quod non est tuum,
Nostro recide pectore;
Inscribe nomen, intimis
Inscribe legem cordibus.

Qui natus es de Virgine,
Jesu, tibi sit gloria,
Cum Patre, cumque Spiritu,
In sempiterna secula.

HYMNUS 49.

VICTIS sibi cognomina
Sumant Tyranni gentibus :
Tu, Christe, quanto dignius
Ab his capis quos liberas !

Non alterum mortalibus
Ægris quod invocent datum,
Resurgerent quo mortui,
Perenne per quod viverent.

Tanti quod illi constitit,
Toto quod emptum sanguine
Nostro ne rursus crimine
Insana gens delebimus ?

Sacro pati pro nomine
Summi sit instar muneris :
Amara non mors amplius,
Fit mors per hoc amabilis.

Tu qui vocari sustines
Jesu, salus mortalium,
Audi vocantes nos, tuo
Qui gloriamur nomine.

Qui natus es de Virgine,
Jesu, tibi sit gloria,
Cum Patre, cumque Spiritu,
In sempiterna secula.

HYMNUS 50.

VERBUM quod ante secula
Sinu paterno nasceris,
Recens homo sub tempore
E virginis prodis sinu.

Jam dura discis perpeti
Quæ ferre par sontes fait :
Orbis saluti, fletibus
Prælundis in cunis puer.

Fis pauper, indigentia
Nos et tuâ detescimus :
Luges, tuis et lacrymis
Totum lavas mundi scelus.

Pannis opertus vilibus
Lates, recumbens in specu :
Homo, superbis, et Deum
Panni, specus, non dedecent ?

A Patre missus, perdit
Qui factus es mundi salus,
Jesu, perire ne sinas
Tot quos emis laboribus.

Qui natus es de Virgine,
Jesu, tibi sit gloria,
Cum Patre, cumque Spiritu,
In sempiterna secula.

HYMNUS 51.

DIVINE crescebas Puer,
Crescendo discebas mori,
Hæc destinata tunc erant
Mortis tuæ præludia.

Satus Deo, volens tegi,
Elegit obscurum Patrem;
Qui fecit æternis domos,
Domo latet sub paupere.

Cœlum manus quæ sustinent
Fabrile contrectant opus:
Supremus astrorum Parens
Fit ipse vilis artifex.

Tremenda cujus præpetes
Mandata portant Spiritus,
Cui pronus orbis subditur,
Se sponte fabro subjicit.

Qui natus es de Virgine,
Jesu, tibi sit gloria,
Cum Patre, cumque Spiritu,
In sempiterna secula.

HYMNUS 52.

CHRISTUS tenebris obsitam
Lustrando Judæam docet :
Gens obstinato pectore
Christum docentem respuit.

Sese Deum signis probat ;
Surgunt sepulcris corpora :
Erepta muto vox redit,
Claudo gradus, cæco dies.

Gens dura, flecti nescia,
Aures sacris sermonibus
Obturat, et solem fugit,
Amore noctis perdita.

Nos lumen ambimus, Patris
In quo refulget claritas :
Ne mentibus subrepere
Tetram sinas caliginem.

Nunquam recedas a piis
Lux sempiterna cordibus ;
Te veritate fulgeant,
Te caritate ferveant.

Qui natus es de Virgine
Jesu, tibi sit gloria,
Cum Patre, cumque Spiritu.
In sempiterna secula.

HYMNUS 53.

QUÆ stella sole pulchrior
Coruscat? hæc Regis novi
Revelat ortus: hæc Dei
Præsignat ad cunas iter.

Stat vatibus priscis fides,
En Stella surgit ex Jacob:
Arrectus ad spectaculum
Eous orbis emicat.

Dum sidus admonet foris,
Lux fulget intus clarior:
Suadetque vi blandâ magos
Signi datorem quærere.

Segnes amor nescit moras:
Labor, pericla, nil movent;
Domum, propinquos, patriam
Deo vocante, deserunt.

Micante dum nos allicis,
Oh Christe, Stellâ gratiæ,
Ne tarda cœlesti sinas
Obstare corda lumini.

Qui lumen est, sit laus Patri
Qui se revelat gentibus,
Sit laus Patri, laus Filio,
Par sit tibi laus, Spiritus.

HYMNUS 54.

CLAMANTIS ecce vox sonans
Deserta Judææ quatit :
Mox ad Johannem confluunt
Quos criminum moles gravat.

En ipse permistus reis
Accedit agnus innocens :
Agnus suo qui sanguine
Piabit orbis crimina.

Sub nube carnis at suum
Lucerna Solem detegit :
Lymphis nec audet tingere
A quo lavari debuit.

Parere sed fas est Deo,
Vel quando sese deprimit ;
Hunc omne virtutum genus
Implere nempe sic decet.

Agnosce, Præcursor, tibi
Intus revelat quem Deus :
Tu mergis undis corpora,
Hic corda mundat spiritu.

Mundi scelus qui diluis,
Jesu, tibi sit gloria,
Cum Patre, cumque Spiritu,
In sempiterna secula.

HYMNUS 55.

EMERGIT undis, et Deo
Fundit preces homo Deus :
Patet polorum regia,
Adest repente spiritus.

Instar columbæ, vertici
Illapsus insidet sacro :
Summi Patris vox personat,
Dilectus hic est filius.

Christi dicata corpore
Sic quem lavacra consecrant,
Hic nascitur proles Dei,
Cælum precanti panditur.

Castis fit, expers sordibus,
Columba simplex moribus,
Divinus hunc intus regit,
Alit, fovetque Spiritus.

Oh Christe, sacri gurgitis
Quos abluisti fontibus
Tuo cruore candidos
Fac nulla labes inquinet.

Mundi scelus qui diluis,
Jesu, tibi sit gloria,
Cum Patre, cumque Spiritu,
In sempiterna secula.

HYMNUS 56.

TE læta, mundi conditor,
Unum manet semper quies :
Festiva cœlestes choros
Semper decent præconia.

Nos sanctitate perditâ,
Pœnalis expectat labor,
Hymnos ne dulcis patriæ
Mœsti canamus exules?

Qui te piis placabilem
Spondes futurum fletibus,
Lugere da longi, Pater,
Delicta causas exuli.

Verum salubrem temperet
Spe nixa mœrorem fides :
Tu mox quieti nos tuæ
Lætisque reddes canticis.

Sit summa Patri gloria,
Ejusque soli Filio,
Sancto simul cum Spiritu,
Nunc et per omne seculum.

HYMNUS 57.

REBUS creatis nil egens
Temet beatus, nunc tuo
Prodis ab arcano, Deus
Mundoque das primordia.

Tu cuncta quæ non sunt, vocas,
Et illa se sistunt tibi;
Miroque concentu, suo
Dant conditori gloriam.

At mundus è sinu tuo
Dum prodit aspectabilis,
Augustiorem cogitas
Mundum, Creator, alterum.

Illum Redemptor artifex
Virtutibus condet suis
Sparsoque terris omnibus
Verbi potentis semine.

Illum, peractis seculis
Cœlo locabit, et Throni
Mensæque consortem suæ
Deo redonabit Patri.

Utrique mundo qui præes
Utrumque conserva, Pater:
Utrumque, Fili, dirige,
Utrumque, Flamen, consecra.

HYMNUS 58.

Vos ante Christi tempora
Christi fideles asseclæ,
Verenda justorum cohors,
Primique credentium Patres ;

Vestram quis oh dignis queat
Efferre laudibus fidem ?
Crebros anhelantis spei
Quis explicet suspiritus ?

Hic exules, hic advenæ
Mundi figuram spernitis :
Non literâ, sed spiritu
Promissa pensatis bona.

Intenta mens uni Deo
Respectat æternas domos ;
Fac Christe, nos veram quoque
Desiderare patriam.

Sit laus Patri, laus Filio,
Utrumque qui nectis, Deus
Utrique compar, sit tibi
Laus sempiterna, Spiritus.

HYMNUS 59.

ALLELUIA, dulce carmen,
Vox perennis gaudii,
Alleluia vox suavis,
Est choris celestibus,
Quem canunt, Dei manentes
In domo per secula.

Alleluia læta mater
Concinis Jerusalem,
Alleluia vox tuorum
Civium gaudentium :
Exules nos flere cogunt
Babylonis flumina.

Alleluia non meremur
Nunc perenne psallere,
Alleluia nos reatus
Cogit intermittere,
Tempus instat, quo peracta
Lugeamus crimina.

Unde laudando precamur
Te beata Trinitas,
Ut tuum nobis videre
Pascha des in æthere,
Quo tibi læti canamus
Alleluia jugiter.

HYMNUS 60.

Quod lex adumbravit vetus,
Quod ipse sacravit novi
Christus minister fœderis,
Decurrimus jejunium.

Utamur ergo parciùs
Verbis, cibis et potibus,
Somno, jocis, et arctiùs
Perstemus in custodiâ.

Intenta mens cupidinis
Frænet rebelles impetus ;
Ne cordis arcem, janua
Quà se dat, hostis occupet.

Omnes ad aram cernuo
Vultu precemur supplices ;
Ploremus, atque vindicem
Flectamus iram Numinis.

Judex tremende, nos premit
Immensa moles criminum :
Immensa, sed, clemens Pater,
Parcendo vinces crimina.

Præsta, beata Trinitas,
Concede, simplex Unitas,
Ut fructuosa sint tuis
Jejuniorum munera.

HYMNUS 61.

SOLEMNE nos jejunii
Nunc tempus ad planctum vocat :
Plorat sacerdos, flebili
Clamore templa personant.

Lugubris at frustra sonus
Ad numen iratum venit,
Ni corde pulsus intimo
Sensum doloris exprimat.

Nil frontibus sparsus cinis
Nil scissa vestis proderit,
Ni fracta scindantur simul
Vivo dolore pectora.

Vultum rigantes fletibus
Flectamus iram Numinis,
Quæ criminis nostri memor
Intentat ultrices minas.

Oh juste judex, oh Deus,
Sis lentus ad pœnam, Pater,
Das pœnitendi tempora,
Et cor simul da pœnitens.

Præsta, beata Trinitas,
Concede, simplex Unitas,
Ut fructuosa sint tuis
Jejuniorum munera.

HYMNUS 62.

AUDI, benigne Conditor,
Nostras preces cum fletibus,
In hōc sacro jejunio
Fusas quadrigenario.

Scrutator alme cordium,
Infirma tu scis virium,
Ad te reversis exhibe
Remissionis gratiam.

Multū quidem peccavimus,
Sed parce confitentibus;
Ad nominis laudem tui
Confer medelam languidis.

Sic corpus extra conteri
Dona per abstinentiam,
Jejunet ut mens sobria
A labe prorsus criminum.

Præsta, beata Trinitas,
Concede, simplex Unitas,
Ut fructuosa sint tuis
Jejuniorum munera.

HYMNUS 63.

FANDO quis audivit, Dei
Quis grande dicat brachium?
Percussa mens confunditur,
Stupet fides, vox deficit.

Ab orbe, Jesu, condito
Occisus agnus, nunc Patri
Priscis adumbratam sacris
Ardes litare Victimam.

At cur humi stratus jaces?
Quis iste moerentes pavor?
Quis iste, qui totus fuit
Sudor cruentus corpore?

Hunc vis doloris exprimit,
Horrorque teter criminum;
Vices nocentium sustinens,
Iram reformidas Patris

Te terret objectus calix?
At ille, ni totum bibas,
In sempiterna nos manet
Exhauriendus secula.

Vincet pavorem caritas:
Vincet voluntas patria:
Temet potestati Deus
Tradis tenebrarum volens.

Et jam flagellis, ictibus,
 Ludibriis, spinis, cruci,
 Piacularis Hostia,
 Voves adorandum caput.

Qui Filium tradit, Patri
 Natoque sit laus victimæ,
 Par sit tibi laus, qui sacram
 Succendis aram, Spiritus.

HYMNUS 64.

OPPROBRIIS, Jesu, satur,
 Ligni fatiscens pondere,
 Ferales, verus Isaac,
 Mactandus ascendis rogum.

Clavis statim trabalibus,
 Fixus manus, fixus pedes,
 Sublime terris omnibus
 Attolleris spectaculum.

In nos oh Eterni Patris
 Incomprehensa caritas!
 Insons cruentæ Filius
 Pro sontibus morti datur.

Illo lavari sanguine
 Oportuit mundi scelus;
 Talem severa Numinis
 Poscebat ira victimam.

**Crux debitas nos vinculo
Damnationis eximit :
Et pacis æterno ligat
Terras polumque fœdere.**

**Qui Filium tradit, Patri,
Natoque sit laus Victimæ ;
Par sit tibi laus, qui sacram
Succendis aram, Spiritus.**

HYMNUS 65.

**DUM Christe, confixus cruci
Agis supremos spiritus,
Fas nos salubri figere
Intenta ligno lumina.**

**Anguis veneno perfidi
Inflicta nobis vulnera
Pendentis è celsâ trabe
Sanabit aspectus Dei.**

**Hic nos Olympo parturis,
Hic Martyres formas tuos,
Hic ultimo sanctam fidem
Fundas amoris pignore.**

**Hinc cuncta terrarum, suo
Regnator ut sedens Throno
Utrinque protensæ manûs
Virtute divinâ trahis.**

Nos ergo cœlestis thronum
Sinās adire gratiæ,
Pedemque complexos crucis
Tuo rigari sanguine.

Oh spes salutis unica!
Crux, vera mundi gloria,
Infixa semper hæreas
Imisque regnes cordibus.

Qui Filium tradit, Patri,
Natoque sit laus Victimæ,
Par sit tibi laus, qui sacram
Succendis aram, Spiritus.

HYMNUS 66.

VEXILLA regis prodeunt,
Fulget crucis mysterium,
Quo carne carnis conditor
Suspensus est patibulo.

Confixa clavis viscera,
Tendens manus vestigia,
Redemptionis gratiâ
Hic immolata est hostia.

Quo vulneratus insuper
Mucrone diro lanceæ,
Ut nos lavaret crimine,
Manavit undâ et sanguine.

Oh crux ave, spes unica,
Hôc passionis tempore
Auge piis justitiam
Reisque dona veniam.

Te summa Deus Trinitas
Collaudat omnis Spiritus,
Quos per crucis mysterium
Salvas, rege per secula.

HYMNUS 67.

PROME vocem, mens, canoram,
Plange tristi carmine,
Dic crucifixi dolores
Mortui dic vulnera,
Innocens quæ sponte Christus
Pro reis fert victima.

Cæsus immiti furore
Nostra propter crimina,
Nos suo livore sanat,
Nos jacentes erigit :
Et foveat plagas tumentes
Et cruentas alligat.

Trans manus pedesque fixus,
Nostra rumpit vincula ;
Totque fontes sunt salutis,
Quot fluit plagis cruor ;
Et quibus clavis tenetur,
Nos tenet fixos cruci.

Mortui pectus sacratum
Vulneratur lanceâ ;
Inde sanguis mistus undâ
Fervidus prolabitur :
Ad lavacrum præbet undam,
Ad coronas sanguinem.

Fac, Redemptor, hauriamus
His aquam de fontibus,
Poculum sint ac medela,
Sint et olim præmium ;
Ut redemptus te per omne
Laudet orbis seculum.

HYMNUS 68.

ADESTE, Cœlitum Chori,
Lætum canentes canticum,
Dum liber inter mortuos
Christus sepulcrum deserit.

Frustra sepulcro milites
Apponit insanus furor ;
Frustra specûs gens perfida
Firmat sigillis ostia.

Inanis absistat metus :
Hinc nemo corpus auferet :
Sed vi reviviscet suâ
Qui sponte mortem pertulit.

Ridebat hunc turpi trabe
Vesana pendentem cohors :
Descendat, inquit, et Deum
Illi Patrem fatebimur.

At tu, paternis obsequens
Ad usque mortem legibus,
Orbem Sacerdos Victima
Toto piabas sanguine.

Non ille descendit cruce ;
Plus fecit ; ecce mortuus
Se reddit ipse lumini :
Deo satum jam credite.

Sit laus Patri, laus Filio,
Qui nos triumphatâ nece,
Ad astra secum dux vocat,
Compar tibi laus, Spiritus.

HYMNUS 69.

AURORA cœlum purpurat,
Æther resultat laudibus,
Mundus triumphans jubilat,
Horrens avernus infremit.

Rex ille dum fortissimus
De mortis inferno specu
Patrum Senatum liberum
Educit ad vitæ jubar.

Cujus sepulcrum plurimo
Custode signabat lapis,
Victor triumphat, et suo
Mortem sepulcro funerat.

Sat funeri, sat lacrymis,
Sat est datum doloribus,
Surrexit Extinctor necis,
Clamat coruscans angelus.

Ut sis perenne, mentibus
Paschale, Jesu, gaudium,
A morte dirâ criminum
Vitæ renatos libera.

HYMNUS 70.

FORTI tegente brachio
Evasimus rubrum mare,
Tandemque durum perfidi
Jugum Tyranni fregimus.

Nunc ergo lætas vindici
Grates rependamus Deo,
Agnique mensam candidis
Cingamus ornati stolis.

Hujus sacrato corpore
Amoris igne fervidi,
Vescamur atque sanguine
Vescendo, vivimus Deo.

Jam Pascha nostrum Christus est ;
Hic Agnus, hæc est Victima :
Cruore cujus illitos
Transmittit ultor Angelus.

Oh digna cœlo Victima !
Mors ipsa per quam vincitur :
Per quam refractis Inferi
Prædam relaxant postibus.

Sit laus Patri, laus Filio,
Qui nos triumphatâ, nece,
Ad astra secum dux vocat :
Compar tibi laus, Spiritus.

HYMNUS 71.

SALUTIS humanæ Sator,
Jesu voluptas cordium,
Orbis redempti Conditor,
Et casta lux amantium ;

Quâ victus es clementiâ
Ut nostra ferres crimina ?
Mortem subires innocens,
A morte nos ut tolleres.

Perrumpis infernum chaos,
Vinctis catenas detrahis ;
Victor triumpho nobili
Ad dexteram Patris sedes.

Te cogat indulgentia,
Ut damna nostra sarcias;
Tuique vultûs compotes
Dites beato lumine.

Tu Dux ad astra, et semita,
Sis meta nostris cordibus,
Sis lacrymarum gaudium,
Sis dulce vitæ præmium.

HYMNUS 72.

OPUS peregristi tuum,
Te Christe, victorem necis,
Æterna, quam reliqueras
Cœli repossit gloria.

Jam nube vectus fulgidâ
Terras jacentes despicias:
Educta longo carcere
Regem sequuntur agmina.

Mirante turmâ Cœlitum
Panduntur æternæ fores:
Ovansque sublimem Patris
Homo Deus scandit Thronum.

Illic patronus, Pontifex,
Pacis sequester, quem tua
Semel profudit caritas
Offerre pergis sanguinem.

Illinc adornas et foves
 Ecclesiam sponsam tuam;
 Cunctisque vitam dividis
 Infusa ceu mens artubus.

Illinc tot inter praelia
 Perichlitantem sustines:
 Das militanti vincere,
 Palmam triumphanti paras.

Qui victor ad cœlum redis,
 Jesu, tibi sit gloria,
 Cum Patre, cumque Spiritu,
 In sempiterna secula.

HYMNUS 73.

Jesu, nostra redemptio,
 Amor et desiderium,
 Deus creator omnium,
 Homo in fine temporum.

Quæ te vicit clementia,
 Ut ferres nostra crimina,
 Crudelem mortem patiens
 Ut nos à morte tolleres!

Inferni claustra penetrans,
 Tuos captivos redimens,
 Victor triumpho nobili
 Ad dextram Patris residens

Ipsa te cogat pietas
Ut mala nostra superes
Parcendo, et voti compotes
Nos tuo vultu saties.

Tu esto nostrum gaudium,
Qui es futurus præmium,
Sit nostra in te gloria,
Per cuncta semper secula.

HYMNUS 74.

FELIX dies mortalibus,
Quâ per profusum sanguinem
Homo Deus clausas diu
Intravit æternas domos.

Nos membra, quo nostrum caput
Quo Dux præivit ibimus :
Si jungat una mens simul
Nos una jungat gloria.

Discessit, et suis adest
Præsente semper Spiritu :
Miscens suo se corpori
Omnes in artus influit.

At illa, quæ qualis dies !
Dies tremenda sontibus !
Dum sede descendens suâ
Redibit ultor criminum.

Damnatus insons à reis
Partes resumet Judicis :
Ad cujus ora contremet
Dijudicandi Judices.

Ut morte dignos solveret
Morti volens se subdidit :
Cui mors Dei non proderit,
Vindicta qualis imminet !

Venture Judex seculi,
Jesu, tibi sit gloria,
Cum Patre, cumque Spiritu,
In sempiterna secula.

HYMNUS 75.

SENSUS quis horror percutit ?
Cœlum profundum scinditur :
Christum sedentem nubibus
Hinc inde stipant agmina.

Feralis ad sonum tubæ
Mors jussa reddit mortuos :
Quos ad tribunal Judicis
Urgent coactos angeli.

Ad Judicis sedent latus,
Quicumque spretis omnibus,
Fugere mundum pauperes,
Deum secuti pauperem.

Crux ante Judæis probrum,
Ludibrium Crux Gentibus,
Terror reis, probis amor,
Summo micabit æthere.

Fixere quem diræ trahi,
Cernent, pavebunt, ingement;
Vultu beabit quo suos
Hôc territabit impios.

Fac, Christe, ne mores bonos
Contage mundus inquinet:
Secerne nos ab improbis,
Ne misceamur sentibus.

Venture Judex seculi
Jesu, tibi sit gloria,
Cum Patre, cumque Spiritu,
In sempiterna secula.

HYMNUS 76.

NOBIS Olympos redditus,
Qui, Christe, sedes præparas,
Nos exules in patriam,
Trahas amoris nexibus.

Bonis abundans omnibus,
Ingens eris merces, Deus:
Quàm longa pro pœnâ brevi
Tuos manebunt gaudia.

Tunc ore nudo qualis es
Quantusque te videbimus :
Amabimus te jugiter,
Te jugiter laudabimus.

Si quos amas non deseris,
Nostræ salutis obsidem,
Mittas ab altis sedibus,
Qui nos adoptet, Spiritum.

Venture Judex seculi,
Jesu, tibi sit gloria,
Cum Patre, cumque Spiritu,
In sempiterna secula.

HYMNUS 77.

OH Christe, qui noster poli
Præcursor intras regiam,
Quos hîc jacentes respicis,
Sursùm voca, sursum rape.

Ad illa fac nos currere
Amore casto gaudia,
Terrena quæ non mens capit,
Quæ sola perspicit fides.

Ubi laborum præmium
Dat ipse se suis Deus :
Et ut beatos expleat,
In omnibus fit omnia.

Qui nos ad istam gratiâ
Ducat potenti gloriam,
Tu de supernis sedibus
Da, Christe, nobis Spiritum.

Qui Patris ad dextram sedes,
Jesu, tibi sit gloria,
Cum Patre cumque Spiritu,
In sempiterna secula.

HYMNUS 78.

SUPREME Rector cœlitum,
Qui morte devictâ potens
Cruore signatam tuo
Ad astra pandis semitam!

Alto benignus è Throno
Et Patris almi dexterâ
Quos hic relinquis orphanos,
Non intueri desinas.

Partâ tuis laboribus
Jam tu potiris gloriâ:
Nunc hora: promissum Patris
Nunc mitte nobis Spiritum.

Qui Patris ad dextram sedes,
Jesu, tibi sit gloria,
Cum Patre, cumque Spiritu,
In sempiterna secula.

HYMNUS 79.

Veni, superne Spiritus,
Purgata Christi sanguine
Tuique terra jam capax
Expandit arentes sinus.

Christi petentis æthera
Exsolve promissam fidem:
Et nostra præsens igneo
Munda lavacro pectora.

Lugemus amissum Patrem:
Te nostra tangat orbitas,
Solare mœstos; anxiis
Spem redde, qui solus potes.

Olim per umbras vatibus
Retecta paucis veritas
Nunc orbe toto dissitis
Per te patescat gentibus.

Divina jam nos unctio
Informet omnes: hactenus
Mutis aratam literis
Inscribe legem cordibus.

Sit laus Patri, laus Filio,
Utrumque qui nectis, Deus
Utrique compar, sit tibi
Decus perenne, Spiritus.

HYMNUS 80.

AUDIMUR ; almo Spiritus
Descendit è sinu Patris
Ægrisque fert mortalibus
Promissa cœli munera.

Quot proditur miraculis
Præsentis adventus Dei !
Jam tota sublimi domus
Repente flatu personat.

Puro caducus æthere
Candentis ad linguæ modum,
In consistentium verticem
Ignitus imber depluit.

Quæ flamma summas alluit
Innoxio tactu comas,
Hæc gliscit arcanis simul
In pectus et mentem viis.

Stupente turbâ gentium
Linguis loquuntur omnibus :
Vatum crepant oracula :
Quidquid profantur, ignis est.

Inter profandum, Spiritus
In audientes irruit :
Instructa quo passim nova
Surgit Prophetarum seges.

Sit laus Patri, laus Filio,
Par sit tibi laus, Spiritus,
Afflante quo mentes sacris
Lucent et ardent ignibus.

HYMNUS 81.

VENI, Creator Spiritus,
Mentes tuorum visita,
Imple supernâ gratiâ
Quæ tu creâsti pectora.

Qui Paracletus diceris,
Donum, Dei altissimi,
Fons vivus, ignis, caritas,
Et Spiritualis unctio.

Tu septiformis munere
Dextræ Dei tu digitus,
Tu rite promissum Patris
Sermone ditans guttura.

Accende lumen sensibus,
Infunde amorem cordibus,
Infirma nostri corporis
Virtute firmans perpeti.

Hostem repellas longius,
Pacemque dones protinus:
Ductore sic te prævio
Vitemus omne noxium.

Per te sciamus da Patrem,
Noscamus atque Filium,
Te utriusque Spiritum,
Credamus omni tempore.

Sit laus Patri, laus Filio,
Par sit tibi laus, Spiritus,
Afflante quo mentes sacris
Lucent et ardent ignibus.

HYMNUS 82.

TER sancte, ter potens Deus !
Incomprehensa Trinitas !
Oh lux perennis ! propriis
Oh tu beata gaudiis !

Te densa circum nubila,
Te circum inaccessum jubar,
Quod intus ardent angeli
Circum trementes cernere.

Te confitetur in tuo
Plebes renata nomine ;
Firmaque prælibat fide
Amor quod ambit præmium.

Da posse quod jubes, Pater,
Da scire, Fili, quod doces,
Fac corde toto, Spiritus,
Nos velle quod probas bonum.

**Præsta, Pater piissime,
Patrique compar unice,
Sancto simul cum Spiritu,
Regnans per omne seculum.**

HYMNUS 83.

**OH luce quæ tuâ lates
Beata semper Trinitas,
Te confitemur, credimus,
Pioque corde quærimus.**

**Oh sancte sanctorum Pater,
Oh nate de Deo Deus!
Oh caritatis vinculum,
Jungens utrumque Spiritus!**

**Est totus in nato Pater,
In Patre totus Filius,
Natoque plenus ac Patre
Inest utrique Spiritus.**

**Quod Natus est, hoc Spiritus
Hoc est uterque quod Pater:
Tres una summa veritas,
Tres una summa caritas.**

**Æternâ Patri, gloria,
Natoque sit cum Spiritu,
Qui vivit et regnat Deus,
In sæculorum secula.**

HYMNUS 84.

Quos in hostes, Saule, tendis,
Quo furore percitus?
Immolare quid tot ardes
Innocentes victimas?
Insequendo quem laecessis,
Senties mox vindicem.

Christus instat, impotentem
Cæcat, urget, dejicit:
Ille cedit imperanti,
Seque totum subjicit,
Insecutor ante Christi,
Præco Christum personat.

Ante plenus qui minarum
Præparabat vincula,
Nunc tremens, nec jam rebellis,
Per manus deducitur:
Qui lupus rapax furebat,
Nunc in agnum vertitur.

Dura, Christe, quam potenti
Corda versas dexterâ!
Qui tuum delere nomen
Vult tuorum sanguine,
Universum mox per orbem
Ipse clarabit suo.

Sit suprema laus Parenti,
Qui creavit omnia :
Filioque qui redemit
Morte nos volens suâ,
Par et illi, cujus almo
Confovemur Spiritu.

HYMNUS 85.

PASTORE percusso, minas
Spirabat et cædes lupus :
Sparsumque vastabat gregem,
Te, Christe, Saulus nesciens.

Et jam catenas stringere
Ferox parabat, jam cruces,
Sed Oh, repente sternitur,
Verboque percussus ruit.

Ex hoste miles, ex lupo
Agnus, gregi se devovet :
Et raptor ipse nobili
Raptus triumpho ducitur.

Oh celsa cedrorum, Deus,
Qui voce vertis culmina,
Oh qui potenti subjicis
Mentes superbas gratiâ ;

Tu, Pastor, infensas tuo
Vires ovili contere :
Et nostra, si quid devium,
Ad te reflecte pectora.

Uni sit et trino Deo
Suprema laus, summum decus,
De nocte qui nos ad suæ
Lumen vocavit gloriæ.

HYMNUS 86.

SUPREME quales Arbiter
Tibi ministros eligis !
Tuas opes qui vilibus
Vasis amas committere.

Hæc nempe plena lumine
Tu vasa frangi præcipis :
Lux inde magna rumpitur,
Ceu, nube scissâ, fulgura.

Christum sonant : versæ ruunt
Arces superbæ Dæmonum :
Circùm tubis clangentibus,
Sic versa quondam mœnia.

Fac, Christe, cœlestes tubæ
Somno graves nos excitent :
Accensa de te lumina
Pellant tenebras mentium.

Uni sit et trino Deo
Suprema laus, summum decus,
De nocte qui nos ad suæ
Lumen vocavit gloriæ.

HYMNUS 87.

CŒLESTIS aulæ principes,
Sacri duces exercitûs,
Bissena mundi lumina,
Olim futuri iudices;

Mersis gravi caligine
Per vos dies renascitur:
Quos vanus error luserat,
Illustrat alma veritas.

Non vi, nec armis militum,
Fandi nec ullis artibus,
Verbo sed irrisæ crucis
Christo rebelles subditis.

Vulgata terris omnibus
Per vos Dei mysteria:
Sic vestra terris omnibus
Præclara facta personant.

Uni sit et trino Deo
Suprema laus, summum decus,
De nocte qui nos ad suæ
Lumen vocavit gloriæ.

HYMNUS 88.

QUEM misit in terras Deus,
Ut morte nos servet suâ,
Amoris hic fidos sui
Vos eligit vicarios.

Occisus agnus à lupis
Vos misit agnos ad lupos:
Mores ferinos exuunt,
Agni repente de lupis.

Quæ victimarum cædibus,
Tellus madebat impiis,
Vestris eam sudoribus
Vestro piâstis sanguine.

Hôc rore facta pinguior
Quot illa fructus protulit!
Quæ, quanta surrexit seges!
Et ista nos seges sumus.

Quam si bonus respexeris,
Qui das rigatis crescere,
Frumenta nos cœlestibus
Matura condes horreis.

Uni sit et trino Deo
Suprema laus, summum decus,
De nocte qui nos ad suæ
Lumen vocavit gloriæ.

HYMNUS 89.

PULSUM supernis sedibus,
Umbris tot annos obsitum,
Cœlestis ignarum viæ,
Errabat humanum genus.

Cœlestis en Rex curiæ,
Ut monstret ad cœlum viam
Secumque ducat exules,
Se sponte fecit exulem.

Se deviis præbet ducem,
Vires dat ambulanti-
bus:
Est ipse quâ ducit via,
Quo ducit, ipse terminus.

Deus, suprema Veritas,
Umbrata velo corporis,
Puris videnda mentibus
Lustra tuo nos lumine.

Mundo redemptor qui venis,
Fili, tibi laus maxima,
Cum Patre, nec tibi minor
Laus, utriusque Spiritus.

HYMNUS 90.

HÆC illa solemnis dies,
Dies salutis nuntia,
Quâ missa terris tristibus
Venere coelo gaudia.

Unius omnes crimine
Casu gravi lapsi sumus :
Ut ipse lapsos erigat,
Descendit in terras Deus.

Qui Patris æterno sinu
Æterna proles nascitur,
Obnoxius fit tempori
Sinum nec horret Virginis.

Mortale corpus induit,
Orbi piando victimam,
Ut innocenti sanguine
Scelus nocentum diluat.

Qui cuncta complet numine
Nostros se in artus colligit :
Ut nos reducat ad Deum,
Est ipse nobiscum Deus.

Mundo redemptor qui venis,
Fili, tibi laus maxima,
Cum Patre, nec tibi minor
Laus, utriusque Spiritus.

HYMNUS 91.

SINÆ sub alto vertice
Cœlo tonante, lex data:
Inter tubas et fulgura
Præsens minabatur Deus.

Nunc temperato numine
Per vela carnis blandiùs
Amat videri, languidis
Se lumen aptans sensibus.

Insculpta saxo lex vetus
Præcepta, non vires dabat:
Inscripta cordi lex nova
Dat posse quidquid imperat.

Scripsistis hanc fidâ manu,
Hanc voce, voci consonis
Hanc prædicâstis moribus,
Signâstis hanc et sanguine.

Afflante Divo Spiritu
Quæ verba vitæ traditis,
Hæc ille nostris imprimat
Delenda nunquam cordibus.

Sit laus Patri, laus Filio,
Qui nos, triumphatâ nece,
Ad astra secum dux vocat,
Compar tibi laus, Spiritus.

HYMNUS 92.

CHRISTI perennes nuntii,
Retecta qui cœlestibus
Scriptis Dei mysteria
Totum per orbem spargitis.

Olim sub umbris condita
Vates sacri quæ viderant,
Umbris procul cedentibus,
Vidistis hæc pleno die.

Humana quæ tulit Deus,
Divina quæ gessit Homo,
Seris legenda posteris
Dictante scripsistis Deo.

Loco remotos, tempore
Vos rexit idem Spiritus;
Vestris adhuc in paginis
Nobis loqui non desinit.

Sit laus Patri, laus Filio,
Qui nos, triumphatâ nece,
Ad astra secum dux vocat,
Compar tibi laus Spiritus.

HYMNUS 93.

PRÆDICTA Christi mors adest,
At vos timori parcite :
Nil inde, nil caros pius
Remittet in fratres amor.

Durate fortes : irritos
Mundi tumultus spernite :
Deo volente, turbini
Serena succedet dies.

Cœli perenne gaudium
Solabitur luctus breves :
Brevem triumphum secu^l
Æternus obruet dolor.

Qui carne frater in suo
Mortem peremit corpore,
Divinitatis vos suæ
Dignabitur consortio.

Da, Christe, nos tecum mori,
Tecum simul da surgere :
Terrena da contemnere,
Amare da coelestia.

Sit laus Patri, laus Filio,
Qui nos, triumphatâ nece,
Ad astra secum dux vocat ;
Compar tibi laus, Spiritus.

HYMNUS 94.

DUM morte victor obrutâ
Ab inferis Christus redit,
Vos pangimus, diræ necis
Vitæque testes redditæ.

Vobis datum præ ceteris
Latus magistri cingere ;
Vobis futuræ sedulus
Arcana credit gloriæ.

At ille privatim suæ
Dum nuntiat probrum necis,
Cur horret humanus nimis
Qui decipit sensus, amor ?

Oportuit Christum pati,
Qui postea resurgeret :
Illinc homo verus patet,
Hinc se probat verè Deum.

Illos magister qui doces
Tu, Christe, tu nos erudi :
Si quid latet, tu detege,
Amare da quod jam patet.

Sit laus Patri, laus Filio,
Qui nos, triumphatâ nece,
Ad astra secum dux vocat ;
Compar tibi laus, Spiritus.

HYMNUS 95.

NATUS parenti redditus
Non vos amicos deseret :
Sub imbre lapsum flammeo
Infundet in vos spiritum.

Hausto repleti numine,
Terras in omnes liberi
Christum tubis cœlestibus
Christum Deum vulgabitis.

Non jam tenebit amplius
Formido mortis abditos :
Aperta non euntibus
Addent moras pericula.

Vos ante Reges fortiter
Spernetis armatas neces :
Hæc nempe pro Christo mori
Suprema vobis gloria.

Orate firma sit Fides,
Et certa se Spes erigat,
Illapsa vestris cordibus
Pellat timorem Caritas.

Sit laus Patri, laus Filio,
Qui nos, triumphatâ nece,
Ad astra secum dux vocat ;
Compar tibi laus, Spiritus.

HYMNUS 96.

CHRISTE, qui sedes Olympo,
Par Deo Patri Deus,
Quem tremiscunt intuendo
Puriores Spiritus,
Da choris junctos supernis
Ore puro psallere.

Inter omnes fulguranti
Ense victor emicat,
Qui draconis insolentem
Contudit ferociam,
De polo trusit rebellem
In profunda Tartara.

Tu decore vincis omnes,
Alitum pulcherrime,
Assides Deo propinquus,
Consilii tu particeps;
Astra claudis et recludis,
Nosque sistis Judici.

Te tremendo poscat æger
Mortis in luctamine,
Advolantis efficacem
Sentiet præsentiam:
Corporis vinclis solutum
Mox ad astra transferes.

Sit suprema laus Parenti,
Qui creavit omnia :
Filioque qui redemit
Morte nos volens suâ ;
Par et illi, cujus almo
Confovemur halitu.

HYMNUS 97.

SPOUSA Christi, quæ per orbem
Militas, Ecclesia,
Prome cantus, et sacratos
Dic triumphos cœlitum.

Hæc dies cunctus dicata
Mixta cœli gaudiis,
Læta currat, et solemni,
Personet melodiâ.

Laureatum ducit agmen,
Natus ille Virgine,
Morte qui suâ redemit,
Morte nos ab ultimâ.

Mox sequuntur Angelorum,
Administri Spiritus,
Siderumque conditori
Mille laudes concinunt.

Principes sacri senatûs,
Orbis almi iudices,
Sedibus sedent sublimes,
Facta pendent omnium.

Prodigi vitæ, cruore
Purpurati Martyres,
Auspicati morte vitam
Pace gaudent perpeti.

Turba sacra confidentum
Cum Levitis præsules,
Seculi luxu rejecto
Perfruuntur gloriâ.

Omnibus sors hæc beata,
Gloriam Deo dare :
Ter potentem confiteri,
Terque sanctum dicere.

Cœlites, Oh vos beati,
Quos Deus felicitat :
Pace nostris in diebus
Det Deus nos perfrui ;

Nos Deo cum sanctitate
Serviamus subditi :
Gloriæ posthâc futuri
Quam tenetis, compotes.

HYMNUS 98.

JESU, Sacerdotum Decus,
In hâc die, quâ gloriâ
Sanctum coronas Præsulem,
Votis adesto supplicum.

Sui probatus præmium
Amoris, et pignus tui,
A Patre traditos tibi
Accepit agnos pascere.

Hos novit, et præit vocans
In tuta quemque pascua :
Victumque præbet : audiunt,
Sequuntur et vivunt oves.

Quam sentit errantem jugis,
Hanc nocte quærit et die :
Et gaudet inventam suo
Portans ovili reddere.

Arcet frementes bestias,
Lupi retundit impetus,
Dolosque fallit, vel mori
Caro paratus pro grege.

Supreme Christe Pontifex,
Jugis tibi sit gloria,
Cum Patre, cumque Spiritu,
In sempiterna secula.

HYMNUS 99.

SUMMI pusillus grex Patris,
Timore mentem solvite :
Sui paternus vos amor
Vult esse regni compotes.

En regnat inter cœlites
Qui vixit olim seculo
Ignotus, exosus sibi,
Qui pauper, et sciens pati.

Angusta pœnitentiæ
Ingressus, et viam crucis,
Per dura Christum prælia,
Per damna non timet sequi.

Carnem terit jejuniis,
Linguam domat silentio,
In pauperum, parcus sibi,
Abscondit et spargit sinu.

Saporem verbi pascitur,
Totoque legem pectore
Scrutatus, orat pervigil,
Mens celsa versatur polo.

Hâc surgit ad cœlum viâ,
Et nos eâdem, da Pater,
Da Nate, da cum Spiritu,
Ad te venire semitâ.

HYMNUS 100.

Non parta solo sanguine
Ornat beatos purpura:
Sunt incruenta, quæ suos
Habent triumphos, prælia.

Non iste flammas, non cruceæ
Non sensit unctos pectines;
Crudelis, et durus sibi
Se morte lentâ conficit.

Si lictor illi defuit,
Si vincla, fustes, ungulæ,
Parata pro Christo mori
Hoc supplet omne caritas.

Corpus subegit castitas,
Et liberam mentem fides,
Amor supernis ignibus
Totam litavit hostiam.

Venis apertis omnibus,
Qui vellet ultro erumpere,
Fraudatus optatâ viâ,
It fusus in fletum cruor.

Da, Christe, sic nos vivere,
Discamus ut semper mori:
Da post brevis vitæ dies
Vitæ perennis gaudia.

Æterne tu Verbi Pater,
Æterne Fili par Patri,
Et par utrique Spiritus,
Tibi, Deus, sit gloria.

HYMNUS 101.

QUI te, Deus, sub intimo
Amans recepit pectore,
Non ille terras amplius
Suspirat, oblitus sui.

Quid ergo gaudes nectere
Tristes moras amantibus:
Terris retardas exules
Cives polo quos destinās?

Hinc fervet in dies amor,
In vota toti diffluunt:
Ad astra festinantibus
Fit poena vita longior.

Vix iste tardi corporis
Pondus molestum sustinet:
Præ mortis occupat diem,
Ardens Deo se jungere.

Æterne tu Verbi Pater,
Æterne Fili par Patri,
Et par utrique Spiritus,
Tibi, Deus, sit gloria.

HYMNUS 102.

OH Virgo, pectus cui sacrum
Amoris expers improbi
Intus suis ardoribus
Sanctus perussit Spiritus.

Non te voluptas dulcibus
Fallax venenis molliit :
Solas amantem persequi
Cœlestis agni nuptias.

Sic ille natus Virgine
Suo decore ceperat,
Ut ejus ardens ignibus
Mundana cuncta temneres.

Beata cui nunc, cœlitum
Inter canentium choros
Cœlo licet perennibus
Sponsi potiri gaudiis.

Æterne sponse Virginum,
Jesu, tibi sit gloria,
Cum Patre, cumque Spiritu,
In sempiterna secula.

HYMNUS 103.

ARDET Deo quæ fœmina,
Latere frustra cogitat;
Quot indigos hæc sublevat,
Tot proditur præconibus.

Prodesse quærit omnibus
Curis honestis anxia:
Patrona custos Virginum,
Secunda mater orphanis.

Pannis latentem vilibus
Christum fovebat hospitem,
Quas dura subtraxit sibi
Opes refundit prodiga.

Pacem domi, pacem foris,
Alto colit silentio:
Lites amat componere,
Ut una mens sit omnibus.

Æterne tu Verbi Pater,
Æterne Fili par Patri,
Et par utrique Spiritus,
Tibi, Deus, sit gloria.

HYMNUS 104.

• OH jam beata, quæ suo
Tandem soluta corpore,
Vinculis perennioribus
Uni Deo conjungitur!

Per quos gradus cœlum petit,
Hâc ire vos omnes jubet,
Junctæ jugali vinculo,
Et vos solutæ conjuges.

Insignis et nos foeminæ
Sequi decet vestigia,
Magnum vel ipsis quæ fuit
Virtutis exemplum viris.

Queis arsit illa, fac, Deus,
Flagremus et nos ignibus:
Eoque quo te vis cœli,
Amore fac mens te colat.

Æterne tu Verbi Pater,
Æterne Fili, par Patri,
Et par utrique Spiritus,
Tibi, Deus, sit gloria.

HYMNUS 105.

URBS Jerusalem beata
Dicta pacis visio,
Quæ construitur in cœlis
Vivis ex lapidibus,
Et ovariantum coronata
Angelorum agmine!

Nova veniens è cœlo
Nuptiali thalamo,
Præparata ut sponsata
Copuletur Domino;
Plateæ et muri ejus
Ex auro purissimo.

Portæ nitent margaritis,
Adytis patentibus:
Et virtute meritorum
Illuc introducitur,
Omnis qui ob Christi nomen
Hic in mundo premitur.

Tusionibus, pressuris,
Expoliti lapides,
Suis coaptantur locis
Per manus artificis,
Disponuntur permansuri
Sacris ædificiis.

Sit perennis laus Parenti,
Sit perennis Filio,
Laus tibi, qui nectis ambos
Sit perennis, Spiritus :
Chrisma cujus nos inungens
Viva templa consecrat.

HYMNUS 106.

ANGULARIS fundamentum
Lapis Christus missus est,
Qui parietum compage
In utroque nectitur :
Quem Sion sancta suscepit,
In quo credens permanet.

Omnis illa Deo sacra
Et dilecta civitas,
Plena modulis in laude
Et canore jubilo :
Trinum Deum unicumque
Cum fervore prædicat.

Hôc in templo, summe Deus,
Exoratus adveni,
Et clementi bonitate
Precum vota suscipe :
Largam benedictionem
Hic infunde jugiter.

Hic promereantur omnes
Et petita acquirere,
Et adepta possidere
Cum sanctis perenniter :
Paradisum introire
Translati in requiem.

Sit perennis laus Parenti
Sit perennis Filio :
Laus tibi, qui nectis ambos
Sit perennis, Spiritus,
Chrisma cujus nos inungens
Viva templa consecrat.

HYMNUS 107.

DIES iræ, dies illa,
Crucis expandens vexilla,
Solvat seclum in favillâ.

Quantus tremor est futurus,
Quando Judex est venturus,
Cuncta stricte discussurus !

Tuba mirum spargens sonum,
Per sepulcra regionum,
Coget omnes ante Thronum.

Mors stupebit et natura,
Cum resurget creatura,
Judicanti responsura.

Liber scriptus proferetur,
In quo totum continetur,
Unde mundus judicetur.

Judex ergo cum sedebit,
Quidquid latet apparebit,
Nil inultum remanebit.

Quid sum miser tum dicturus,
Quem patronum rogaturus,
Cum vix justus sit securus?

Rex tremendæ majestatis,
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Solve me, fons pietatis.

Recordare, Jesu pie,
Quod sum causa tuæ viæ,
Ne me perdas illâ die.

Quærens me, sedisti lassus,
Redemisti, crucem passus,
Tantus labor ne sit cassus.

Juste Judex ultionis,
Donum fac remissionis,
Ante diem rationis.

Ingemisco, tanquam reus,
Culpâ rubet vultus meus,
Supplicanti parce, Deus.

Peccatricem absolvisti,
Et latronem audivisti,
Mihi quoque spem dedisti.

Preces meæ non sunt dignæ,
Sed tu bonus fac benignè,
Ne perenni cremer igne.

Inter oves locum præsta,
Et ab hœdis me sequestra,
Statuens in parte dextrâ.

Confutatis maledictis,
Flammis acribus addictis,
Voca me cum benedictis.

Oro supplex et acclinis,
Cor contritum quasi cinis,
Gere curam mei finis.

Lacrymosa dies illa,
Quâ resurget ex favillâ,
Judicandus homo reus,

Huic ergo parce, Deus!
Pie Jesu, Domine,
Dona eis requiem.

HYMNUS 108.

TE Deum Patrem colimus,
Te laudibus prosequimur :
Qui corpus cibo reficis,
Cœlesti mentem gratiâ.

Te adoramus, oh Jesu,
Te Fili unigenite,
Te qui non dedignatus es
Subire claustra virginis.

Actus in crucem, factus es
Irato Deo Victima :
Per te, Salvator unice,
Vitæ spes nobis rediit.

Tibi, Æterne Spiritus,
Cujus afflatu peperit
Infantem Deum Maria,
Æternum benedicimus.

Triune Deus, hominum
Salutis auctor optime,
Immensum hoc mysterium
Ovante linguâ canimus.

LONDON :
JOHN W. PARKER, ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

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